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Alfred Wallace

MEXICAN LETTERS.

Containing Humorous and Satirical

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, RELIGION,
and POLICY

OF THE

ENGLISH, FRENCH, SPANIARDS,
and AMERICANS,

Interspersed with a great Variety of

Interesting and entertaining ANECDOTES,

ILLUSTRATED BY

Moral and other suitable REFLECTIONS.

Compiled from ORIGINAL LETTERS.

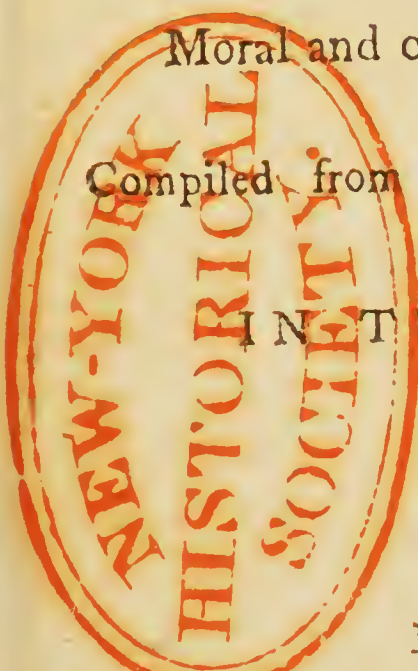
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MDCCLXXIII.



200

23rd May 1875
To the Hon. Secy of the
War Office
London
Dear Sir
I have the honor to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter of the
21st inst. in relation to the
above subject.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours obedient servant,
J. H. [Signature]



C O N T E N T S.

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Mexican Letters.

LETTER LXXI.

ITZUCAN to MAGATZIN at MEXICO.

IT pleases me to think that my observations on the people with whom I reside, at present, are agreeable to thee ; but why shouldst thou insinuate that I do not shew a sufficient regard for thee ? —unjust Magatzin !

THOU tellest me that I know thy situation with respect to Xicataqua : thou sayest right. I know that thou art extravagantly fond of her, but I cannot, to speak the truth, commend thee for

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thy

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thy violent *attachment*— (to make use of a favourite word here) to her. She affects the manners of the Spaniards whom thou hatest, and yet thou lovest her—Inconsistent Magatzin!—It plainly appears to me, from what thou didst mention in thy last letter * about her, that she has no *attachment* to *thee*: she is not, therefore, a woman likely to be a good wife to *thee*. Besides, I am well enough acquainted with thy disposition to believe that thou wouldst be a *Spanish* husband to her: thou wouldst be jealous—perhaps *she* believes so too. Thou seemest to write as if thou couldst not be happy without her: now, it is my real opinion that thou wouldst not be happy *with* her, could thou prevail on her to become thy wife. Thou wantest for my advice, and I will give it freely, in order to convince thee that my regard for thee

* This letter is omitted because it could not be found in the collection.

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is sincere. If thou art disposed to follow it, thou wilt abandon all thoughts of a woman who is not a proper object for *thy* pursuit. Endeavour to forget her. Would any man in his senses wish to marry a woman who does not return his passion? Do thou prove thyself to be in *thy* senses by driving Xicataqua from thy mind.

From Paris.

LETTER LXXII.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

THREE letters, Itzucan, written by thy friendly hand, are now upon my table unanswered. They should have been answered before, but the truth is, I have not had it in my power to hold a pen. I was, indeed, for several days, confined to my bed. There is something in the English climate which disagrees so much with my constitution, that I wish more and more for a peace between Spain and England, that I may return to my own country.

THANKS to my generous protector's tender care, I am quite recovered from the disorder which seized me, and which threatened to put an end to my life.

Alonzo

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Alonzo behaves to me like a father; I cannot help loving him: I love him though he is a Spaniard. Is not every man to be loved who acts in such a manner as to deserve our affection? Are not all human creatures the children of *one* parent, the *creator* of them? Alonzo's behaviour to me has entirely removed all the little prejudices which once stuck close to my mind, and which made me think my own countrymen superiour in every respect to the rest of the world.— I am now convinced that there are great and good men in every nation.

THY account of the * slender, well-dressed gentleman who came to teach thee the science of defence made me smile; and I smiled still more at the method thou tookest to get rid of him. I really think, however, that there can

* See Letter LXIV. Vol. I.

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be no pleasure in living with people with whom we cannot converse freely without having swords and pistols before our eyes. There is no knowing what to say in company with persons whose spirits run away with their understandings. But I find the English, with all their gravity, full as ready as their lively neighbours—(whose follies and vices they copy with a surprising diligence)—to *demand satisfaction*—(those are the fashionable words) especially in a gloomy day, or when the wind is in the east. I have heard of some hostile meetings between two angry gentlemen in consequence of affronts so trifling, that I am ashamed to mention them.

THOU wantest to know, in one of thy letters, if I intend to settle in England, or whether any other European country can have charms enough to withhold me from returning to Mexico. Thou art
desirous

MEXICAN LETTERS. 7

desirous to know, immediately afterwards, if I have heard any thing concerning Zulima.—By these questions, my wishes are revived to return to the place in which I first drew the breath of life, and to receive news of my beloved Zulima: while I am detained from the place of my birth, and separated from *her* whose image will be always imprinted on my heart, I shall be a stranger to happiness.

I CANNOT but own that I am frequently amused by the observations which I make on the lives and employments, on the manners, and the customs of the English. Without such amusements, to keep my thoughts from fixing to one point, I should be overwhelmed with despair.

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I HAVE * already informed thee, that Alonzo released me from my servitude in a short time after our arrival in England as captives. His behaviour was indeed noble and generous; it was the behaviour of an American. I am no longer, it is true, his slave, but gratitude will ever bind me to him as his faithful servant.—Alonzo shall never call Amexis ungrateful: when he proves so to his benefactor, though a *Spaniard*, he will deserve the severest punishment which an *European* can inflict.

ALONZO and I are fellow-prisoners, but—to speak justly of those who guard us—we are not galled by our chains.—Our bodies indeed are not galled, yet, when a man is deprived of the power of going wherever he pleases, uncontrouled, his mind, if he has any feeling, can

* This letter cannot be found.

never

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never be thoroughly at ease. I am a prisoner, and I know nothing about Zulima.

From London.



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LETTER LXXIII.

MAGATZIN to ITZUCAN at Paris.

THY advice relating to my passion for Xicataqua was friendly, I am well assured. Thou hast ever proved thyself my friend, but thou art not in love: if thou wast as much in love as I am, thou wouldst not suppose it possible for me to drive Xicataqua from my mind. Besides, I have now some reason to believe that she is not so averse to me as I feared she was. She has again rejected Guoyoman, her Tlascalan lover, and she has returned so favourable an answer to a letter which I sent to her, when I heard of my rival's second disappointment, that I intend to set out from hence in a very short time, and pour out my soul
at

MEXICAN LETTERS. 11

at her feet at Yucatan. Thou wilt, perhaps, think that I am intoxicated with Xicataqua's encouraging epistle. I am, indeed, happy beyond expression with the encouragement she has given me. Wish me success.

LETTER LXXIV.

XICATAQUA to XERIS at Cadiz.

I REJOICE, my dear Xeris, to hear of thy safe arrival at Cadiz, and to find also that thou art treated with so much indulgence by Don Antonio de Sanchez. Thy attachment to his person must, of course, give him particular pleasure; how much more pleasure would he receive if he knew that his page was a woman. Indeed, Xeris, thou hast, in my opinion, great reason to be under very disagreeable apprehensions with regard to the concealment of thy sex. Whenever thou art discovered, and I do not think thou wilt be able to remain long in thy disguise, thou mayst be brought into perplexing circumstances. I do not wonder at thy
trembling

trembling for fear of a discovery when thou art rallied on account of the effminacy of thy appearance: were I situated as thou art, I should be perpetually alarmed. I shall be more impatient than ever to hear from thee, not only because I have naturally a great deal of curiosity, but because I feel myself very much interested in thy affairs. I cannot blame thee for desiring to be out of the reach of Zamor; his behaviour to thee has been sufficient to make thee wish to be always at a considerable distance from him. Such a husband is to be carefully avoided; he is to be dreaded. Zamor has acted like a madman. Thou callest him an ungrateful husband, and justly. When I reflect upon the ill usage thou hast met with from him, I am deterred from becoming a wife to any man.

THOU art too much terrified, I am willing to hope, without reason, about
Antonio.

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Antonio. I can easily imagine that he is ill enough to make thee entertain doubts concerning his recovery. But always thou didst express thy feelings on every occasion in a strong way.—He deserves all the attention bestowed on him by thee, under the impulse of gratitude; and I have so high an opinion of my dear Xeris as to suppose that if she should ever feel a softer passion for him, and ever betray her sex by her behaviour, her prudence and resolution would be sufficient to prevent her from acting in a manner the least detrimental to her honour. Zamor is the undeserving husband of Xeris, but Zamor is still her husband.

MAY Antonio live: may Xeris, in every place, and in whatever shape she appears, be happy! so wishes the faithfullest of her friends.

From Yucatan.

L E T.

LETTER LXXV.

ZULIMA to ZAYDE at * * * * *

THE opening of thy * last letter rejoiced me.—“Blessed be heaven.”—From these words I concluded that my Zayde had been released from her confinement. When I read on I was disappointed.

I AM glad, indeed, to find that Selim, who generously undertook to deliver thee from thy captivity, escaped the fury of the unrelenting villains, in whose hands he was betrayed by the torturing jealousy of Abra. Thy efforts in Selim’s favour merited all the success they met with. I grieve, however, to think of thy being so closely guarded by thy ty-

* Letter LXI. Vol. I.

rannical

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rannical bashaw. I tremble when I reflect upon thy situation. Thy imperious husband may be now tempted to have recourse to methods, which will double the misery of thy condition by depriving thee of hope. Liberty is precious: may heaven send Selim again to thy relief, and may he, by his new attempts, accomplish thy deliverance!

From Marseilles.

L E T.

LETTER LXXVI.

ITZUCAN to AMEXIS at London.

THOU hast given me *satisfaction* enough for not answering the three letters which I sent to thee successively before: I *demand* no other apology for thy long silence.

THOU hast made *me* too love Alonzo, by acquainting me with the tenderness of his behaviour to thee at a time when thou didst most want it. Such a man, indeed, to whatever country he belongs, is not only an honour to that country, but to human nature.

I AM very glad to find that my account of the manner in which I got rid of a troublesome Frenchman, afforded
thee

thee any diversion : I was, myself, diverted, upon the occasion, in spite of the vexation which his impertinence gave me at the same time.

I FANCY I shall make thee smile by the intelligence which I am going to communicate to thee, concerning Magatzin. Love has made such an alteration in my plain cousin, that he begins to write in a style different from his usual one. His language is not so plain as it used to be: it wants the simplicity which distinguished his epistolary writings : he will grow, probably, as refined as the Europeans, whose manners he despises, if his amorous fit increases.

MAGATZIN's last letter convinces me that his passion for Xicataqua has turned him into a new man : in that letter he tells me he has received encouragement from his mistress at Yucatan ; and he
really

really appears to be intoxicated with it : he talks of setting out from Mexico in a short time, in order to *pour out his soul at her feet* : Magatzin never wrote in such a strain before. However, I am inclined to think, and I will give thee my reasons presently, that he flatters himself too much by supposing that Xicataqua must necessarily prefer *him*, because she declares she has rejected Guoyoman, his rich and powerful rival.

I WILL now acquaint thee with my reason for thinking that my cousin is giving way to the delusions of his mind. I have heard from many persons, on whose veracity I can depend, that Xicataqua is a coquette.

THOU wilt, I dare say, want an explanation of this *French* word: a coquette, in the French language, is a woman who speaks fair to several men at the same time,

time, and feeds them with false hopes. Xicataqua, though she has rejected her Tlascalan lover, to whom she had, it may be, a particular aversion, is, according to the most authentic accounts of her proceedings, a woman, on whose smiles, and plausible behaviour, there can be no reliance: Xicataqua is, therefore, a coquette; and Magatzin will make the strength of his understanding questioned, if he leaves Mexico in order to *pour out his soul at her feet.*

Who would wish to be united, for life, to a woman from whom constancy to him could not be rationally expected? She who is fond of universal admiration before marriage, will be as fond of it afterwards: she is not likely to be contented with the attachment of *one* man to her. He who wishes to have, in his wife, a *faithful* companion, will never find in her such a woman.

How

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How different from the mistress of Magatzin, is the amiable woman for whom Amexis sighs.

FRIEND of my heart, do not abandon thyself to despair.—Often do I supplicate the *Father of All* to bring thee and thy justly beloved Zulima together, after your long separation, and to complete your felicity.—If my petitions are heard ye will both be blessed to the utmost extent of your wishes.

LET-

LETTER LXXVII.

ZAMOR to ITZUCAN at Paris.

THE * two last letters of thine, my friend, are, I confess, written in the true spirit of consolation, but they are not satisfactory. It is to no purpose, I know, to complain of our destiny, as we are all born to some misfortunes not to be prevented. I know, also, that it is our duty to bear the misfortunes which we cannot avoid, without repining.—What thou sayst about the gods is not to be denied. Thou writest truths, I feel the weight of *them*; but the weight of my own distresses is so heavy that I cannot, with all my endeavours, by calling

* Letters LXVII. and LXVIII. Vol. I.

in Reason to my aid, lessen it.—Thou writest truths; but thou writest like a man unacquainted with sorrow. It is easy to recommend patience to others in distress, when we ourselves are in a state of tranquility: with *my* feelings, under my afflictions, thou wouldst soon be unable to reason about the advantages of patience, and the duties of resignation.

WHEN I consider that I brought the afflictions, of which I complain, upon myself, the anguish arising from them is increased to a torturing degree.

ALVAREZ has behaved in the most friendly manner to me.—How could I ever injure so deserving a man.—*He* has forgiven me, but I shall never forgive myself. Nothing was wanting on the part of the generous Alvarez to make me reconciled to my wife, who had been so unjustly

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unjustly treated by me. Oh! Xeris! how severely have I suffered since thy departure! how severe will be my sufferings till I behold thee again!

BELIEVE me, Itzucan, could I but see my much-injured Xeris again, I would do every thing in my power to convince her of my sincere repentance, and of my firm determination to make her ample amends by the propriety of my future conduct to her, for all the folly, ingratitude, and madness of my past behaviour.

VAIN are all my enquiries concerning her. I am almost distracted. The moment I receive intelligence of her, I will fly to her on the wings of love. It was my excessive love which drove me to all the rash actions I committed.—To the remotest corner of the eastern world would I fly, with transports to Xeris:
so

so much does my happiness depend upon her returning affection; so much am I doomed to suffer while I am in a state of uncertainty on her account.



LETTER LXXVIII.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

I SMILED at thy account of Magat-zin's proceeding, and at the same time I pitied him. Is not every man to be pitied who falls in love with a woman unworthy of his esteem? Who can have any regard for her who acts as if she would never be satisfied without general admiration?

THOU wast kind to explain the meaning of the word *coquette*. I am strongly urged

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to

to imagine from what thou hast said about her, that Xicataqua deserves the appellation thou bestowest on her; and, therefore, hope that thy infatuated cousin will see through her artful behaviour soon enough to be prevented from entering into a lasting alliance with her. The man who marries for the sake of a domestic companion, cannot be happy with a wife addicted to inconstancy, with a woman who does not prefer him to all the world. I shall be sorry to hear of Magatzin's being drawn in by the Yucatan coquette.

IF Zulima is a coquette, how greatly am I deceived in her! I will not entertain the least supposition of that kind; I will believe that I am as fondly remembered by her as she is by me. So pleasing a belief often revives my drooping spirits in the hour of dejection.

CANST thou tell me, my valuable friend, any intelligence concerning Zamor

mor the unfortunate. It is long since I received a letter from him. The contents of his last draws tears from me; I sympathized with him, from my heart, while I read his affecting information.

AFTER having declared that no misfortunes were ever like his, that misery has made her abode with him, and that sorrow has set up her dwelling in his breast, he proceeds in the following melancholy strain: "Xeris is true; but I have found it too late. Xeris is slain by my hands, and I shall not long survive her. I have delivered myself to the officers of justice; and ask only a speedy death, to deliver me from the tortures I feel."

To what a moving condition had he reduced himself when he wrote these sentences.

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HE then adds, "Thou wilt hear no more from me, nor can I write thee the particulars of this matter."

NOTWITHSTANDING this assurance, I have expected, with impatience, to hear from the unhappy husband of Xeris.

"THY lord's kinsman, continues he, knows the whole of it. He is even now labouring for my deliverance; but this labour will be lost for ever, were I pardoned, I could not survive my loss.

I SHEWED my letter to Alonzo, as soon as I had wiped away the drops of compassion which it had occasioned; and he wrote immediately to Alvarez. He has received no answer from him. If, therefore, thou knowest any thing relating to Zamor, inform me.

From London.

LET-

LETTER LXXIX.

XERIS to XICATAQUA at Jucatan.

HOW pleasing is a letter from a faithful friend ! The pleasure which I felt on the receipt of thy last, to congratulate me on my arrival at this place*, was very great. My thanks to thee for all thy kind wishes are sincere ; thy good opinion of me shall never be forgotten ! it shall be treasured in the bottom of my breast. I am the wife of Zamor : I have been most injuriously treated by him ; but I am his wife, and I will die rather than do any thing to bring a stain upon my honour. Will not this declaration, written with the pen of firmness, be satisfactory to my dearest Xicataqua ?

* At Cadiz.

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How rejoiced am I to find that our mutual sincerity has not weakened the friendship which has subsisted between us for so long a time! We have always opened our hearts freely to each other, and yet we are friends.

THOU wast right in supposing that I terrified myself too much about Antonio's illness: but I could not help being alarmed. I thought him in a dangerous way when I wrote my letter; I was told by his physician, when I had dispatched my letter, that he was in a dangerous way. Had I not reason to be alarmed? He is now recovered. Often do I return the most fervent thanks to heaven for his recovery; as often does he, pressing my hand, which trembles while he holds it, thank me, in the strongest terms, for the tender care I took of him, and for my constant attendance on him during his long confinement to his bed and to his chamber.

chamber. Little does he think what passes in the bosom of his *page*, when he warmly commends him for all his services. I, sometimes, know not well how to express myself in such a manner as to raise no suspicions in his mind concerning my appearance: his affectionate, but every way proper behaviour, added to his personal virtues and accomplishments, frequently kindle emotions very unfavourable to the character I have assumed. I fear I shall soon make a discovery which will occasion many unhappy moments to me. I feel I *love* Antonio: the wife of Zamor loves another man. Antonio calls me; there is music in his voice.

From Cadiz.

LETTER LXXX.

GUOYOMAN to XICATAQUA at Yucatan.

IS Guoyoman rejected by Xicataqua ?
Is he despised as well as abhorred by
her ? Has Guoyoman, by his ancestry
and his wealth, his honour and his
knowledge, no merit in *her* eyes ?

THOU sayst that I glory in being a
Tlascalan : thou sayst true : thou sayst
also that I am proud of the privileges of
my nation : I am proud of them : I am
not ashamed to boast of *them*, but shame
seizes me when I think I have conde-
scended to appear before thee in a sup-
plicating light. Thy beauty is consider-
able, so is thy pride. O that I could
blot that moment from my life in which
I humbled myself before thee !

WHEN

WHAT have I written? let me erase it. My heart wars against my hand. Proud as thou art, I cannot live without thee: without the possession of thy beauty and thy love. The more I reflect upon thy charms, the less able am I to bear thy cruel opposition to my ardent desires. Fierce are the beams of the sun, flaming in the middle of his daily course, and hardly to be endured by the thirsty traveller exposed to them; but what are those beams compared to the fiercer flames of love?

THOU art the first woman whom Guoyoman wished to make his wife: do not, by a cruel return to this new declaration of his passion for thee, which rages like a burning fever in his veins, force him to believe that he is the last man in thy esteem. According to the answer thou sendest me, I shall be the most happy, or the most wretched of my species.

From Tlascala.

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LETTER LXXXI.

ITZUCAN to MAGATZIN at Mexico.

WISH thee success?—I know not whether I ought to wish thee success.—I have heard, since my arrival in Europe, reports not very advantageous to Xicataqua, with whose encouraging epistle, as thou callest it, thou art certainly intoxicated.

THOU seemest to flatter thyself with the hopes of gaining Xicataqua's affections, because she has twice refused to listen to the offers of her Tlascalan lover: but thy hopes are, in my opinion, built upon a sandy foundation. Didst thou make a little use of thy reason, upon this occasion, thou wouldst, it is probable, think in another manner, and see the absurdity of supposing that the mi-
such

stretches of thy heart must look upon *thee* with favourable eyes, because she does not happen to find thy rival's addresses agreeable to her. What a strange way of proceeding is this? but thou writest like a man too much in love to be under the direction of reason. Thou art indeed as different from the man thou wert when I sailed from the *American* shore, as if thou hadst undergone a transformation. Thou art no longer my plain cousin, my sensible rational cousin; thou art a slave to a tyrannical passion, which runs away with thy understanding.

Thou art, perhaps, at this instant, wondering at this introduction; wondering at my giving thee no encouragement to be thoroughly satisfied with Xicatiqua's behaviour to Guoyoman. Thou didst expect me, no doubt, to animate thee to leave *Mexico*, and to *pour out thy*

C. 6 *soul*

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soul at her feet. I am sorry to disappoint such expectations, but the sincere regard which I feel for thee will not permit me to write a syllable which is not guided by the finger of sincerity.

I HAVE already said, that thou art no longer my *plain cousin*: love has made as great a change in thy language, as in thy mind. Thy letters were once distinguished by their simplicity. Thou hast certainly conversed lately with some amorous *Frenchman*, and he has infected thee with his *refined* conversation.

I HAVE already said, also, that I have heard reports not advantageous to Xicataqua. I will acquaint thee with them, that thou mayst enquire into the truth of them. If thy enquiries are attended with a confirmation of them, thou wilt shew thy *wisdom* by giving up the *idol* of thy heart; thy *folly*, by taking any further notice of her.

XICA-

XICATAQUA, according to *my* intelligence, which is, I believe, authentic, receives too much pleasure from general admiration to confine herself to *one* man. She is, I am well informed of a very fickle disposition, and has, by the levity of her carriage rendered her virtue suspected. There are women, indeed, who keep their virtue while they lose their reputation; but who would wish to marry a woman whose character is doubtful?—I will not positively affirm, though my conjectures are far from being in her favour, that Xicataqua is not a virtuous woman; but surely her own declaration to *thee* has some weight against her.—Has she not assured thee*, under her own hand,——I have not forgotten the letters of hers which thou didst shew me, before I left the western world——that she considers marriage as a bondage? Reflect seriously on this assurance of thy

* Letter XLV.

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mistress, and say to thyself, Xicataqua is not a fit woman to be Magatzin's wife.

From Paris.



LETTER LXXXII.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

COULD I hear of Zulima, I should be the happiest of men: uncertain about *her*, I am wretched to an inexpressible degree, in spite of all the kind and numerous efforts of my noble patron and protector, to disperse the melancholy with which I am frequently oppressed on her account. To be in a state of uncertainty is to be upon the rack.

ALONZO, the good, the worthy, the amiable Alonzo, no longer resides in
England.

England by compulsion: he is at liberty to return to Spain; to go wherever he pleases; but he seems to be in no hurry to leave a country in which he has met with such generous treatment. The English discover the truest ideas of generosity by being generous to their enemies.—*When the Spaniards follow their example I will praise them with equal pleasure.* Christians are directed by their God to love their enemies: but the lives of the majority of those who call themselves Christians are very inconsistent with the religion they profess. Many of the most regular attendants at places set apart for public worship, and of the most forward to make their devotion visible in such places, are the most ready to shew by their manner of conducting themselves, when they are not so employed, how little they regard the doctrines which they in the most solemn language swear to obey.

I was

I WAS so much shocked at the behaviour of a man, *professing* christianity, some days ago, that I could not help endeavouring to convince him of the absurdity, as well as immorality of his conduct. I am sorry to tell thee that my endeavours were to no purpose.

THE man I am going to speak of was recommended to Alonzo, by the person at whose house we lodge, to furnish him with linen during his residence at London..

AT the desire of Alonzo, I went to the linen-merchant with an order for some of his goods.

I WAS carried by him into a back room at the end of his shop, and intreated to sit down, while he returned to look for the things I wanted.

WHEN I had been a little while in the room, the merchant came to me with
his

his hands full of linen, but he behaved in so strange a manner that I could not tell what to think of him. His face which was as pale as death when I entered his shop, was now as red as fire, and he appeared to be violently agitated from head to foot. He threw down upon a table, which stood near me, what he had brought; and returning to the shop immediately, without speaking to me, said to an old woman, who seemed to be in great distress, "You had better get away as fast as you can, I say, for I shall not give you a farthing."

WHEN he had uttered those words, he came back to me, and began to spread his linen, but I was so curious to know what the poor old woman had done to put him so much out of humour, that instead of examining his goods, I begged him to gratify my curiosity.

HE

HE then told me, that the old woman was a relation of his, who had met with fortunes in the world ; but that as she was an obstinate presbyterian, he would give her nothing as long as he lived. " You may as well make her young again, added he, as make her go to church."

As I did not want an explanation of the word *presbyterian*, having before made myself acquainted with the different religious sects in England, I only asked him, seriously, if no people could be good Christians but those who went to church ?

" They cannot be orthodox," replied he, in a hurry.

THE word *orthodox* was new to me : I desired him to explain it.

" No people can be orthodox, said he, who do not belong to the church of England ;

England; and consequently not good Christians."

I WAS not satisfied with that answer. "Thou forgettest, replied I, the foundation on which the religion thou dost profess is built: thou art uncharitable. The poor woman whom thou ownest for a relation is entitled to thy charity as a fellow-creature, whether she is a Christian or not; and thou canst not say, with justice, that she is no Christian, merely because she does not worship *her* God and *thine* in the building thou callest a church. Go, then, to thy poor relation, think of her age, consider her distress, and do not make thyself appear a disgrace to thy species, by shewing thyself a stranger to humanity."

THE merchant stared at me, with his eyes wide open, while I was thus speaking

ing to him, and discovered several marks of impatience.

WHEN I stopped, he told me, with a loud voice, “ that he did not want my advice ; that he had as much humanity as any man in the kingdom ; and that he knew what he had to do.”

HE then walked towards the old woman with a more inflamed countenance, and taking hold of her, roughly I thought, pushed her along to get rid of her, making use of language, at the same time, which I am ashamed to repeat.

I COULD not bear to see such unmanly, such inhuman, such *unchristian* behaviour.

I FOLLOWED him ; I took him by the arm, and released his weeping relation. To *her* I gave all the pieces of money I had in my pocket ; to *him* I said, endeavouring

vouring to express the strongest disapprobation of his proceedings with my looks, “I know what I have to do;” and left his shop, without waiting for his answer.

WHEN I appeared before Alonzo again, I freely informed him—thou knowest my strict regard for truth—that I had not obeyed his orders.

HE seemed to be a little surprised; but when I had acquainted him with what I had said, and with what I had done, he commended me highly for my conduct. “You have behaved like a *Christian*, Amexis, added he. The merchant deserves not *that* appellation: I will have no dealings with such a man.”

THOU hast been silent a great while, Itzucan: thy letters afford me so much entertainment that I cannot help complaining of thy silence.

From London.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

XICATAQUA to XERIS at Cadiz.

THE conclusion of a letter just now received from thee has alarmed me. By loving Antonio thou certainly feelest thyself in a situation not to be described: thy last words plainly shew that thou art deeply touched; the struggles of thy tender bosom must be severe. What a madman was Zamor, to act so as to deserve the abhorrence of his Xeris!

I AM satisfied with thy determination to die rather than to do any thing to bring a stain upon thy honour; death is certainly preferable to infamy: but when I think of the painful trials thou art destined to go through, I pity thee from my heart. I pretend not, my dear Xeris,
to

to justify the behaviour of Zamor to thee : his cruel usage, according to thy * particular account, will admit of no vindication. By reflecting sincerely on that usage, I have been hitherto deterred from becoming the wife of any man. I have had many lovers, among whom Megatzin appeared to be the most deserving of my esteem : but when I reflect upon Zamor's extravagant conduct, I am afraid to give my hand, even to Magatzin ; for I was so far prejudiced in Zamor's favour when he first married thee, as to believe that thy domestic happiness with him would be equal to thy merit. I have not, however, made any positive resolutions against marriage. I treat all my lovers with civility, except Guoyoman of Tlascala, whom I have twice rejected, with the contempt which he deserved, I thought, for presuming to pay his addresses to me. In consequence of Guoyoman's second dis-

* See Letter XL.

appointment, Magatzin sent me a letter, filled with handsome compliments and grateful expressions, for the pleasure I had given him by destroying entirely all his rival's hopes. To that letter I felt myself, insensibly, inclined to return a favourable answer: I told him, therefore, that I thanked him for it; and that, of all my lovers, he had the greatest share of my regard.

SUCH is my situation at present; I wait with the utmost impatience to be farther informed about thy affairs. The affairs of Xeris are so interesting to Xicataqua, the sincerest of her friends, that she will complain heartily of the tediousness of time till she hears from Cadiz. Thou canst not, I imagine, continue long under thy disguise; may the discovery of thy sex be attended with no unhappy consequences.

From Yucatan.

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LETTER LXXXIV.

ZAYDE to ZULIMA at MARSEILLES.

I THANK thee for all thy kind wishes : thy heart always felt for the distresses of thy friends, and thy Zayde receives consolation from thy pity, from thy prayers.

I REFLECT upon the escape of Selim with great delight, as he would have been cruelly treated on my account, if he had remained in the hands of his executioners.

THE closeness of my confinement cannot, you may imagine, be agreeable, but it is not unsupportable. Abra, who betrayed Selim, having repented of her proceedings, is become my friend, and

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encourages me to believe that she shall have an opportunity to deliver *me*, as well as herself, out of the hands of a man who is now her aversion as much as he is mine. I am afraid to give way to the delusions of hope ; but I have met with changes enough in my life to save me from the horrors of despair. I cannot help wondering at Abra's unexpected friendship for me : but I will not perplex myself in order to account for it. I will thankfully take advantage of all appearances in my favour : if I am released from my captivity by Abra's artful management, she shall not find me ungrateful.

LET-

LETTER LXXXV.

From the Same to the Same.

I HAVE found out the cause of Abra's friendly behaviour. She is in love with Selim: she hopes, by promoting my deliverance, and attaching herself to *me*, to fall into *his* way; not doubting but that he is somewhere in the neighbourhood in disguise, watching for a lucky moment to convey me far from this place.

SUCH are Abra's motives for her *benevolent* conduct: self-love is the spring of it; but if it proves beneficial to me I shall not quarrel with her motives. I am glad, however, that I am acquainted with them: I will not be ungrateful to Abra as my deliverer; but I think I may, without being guilty of

D 2 ingra-

ingratitude, endeavour to overthrow her designs as my rival. Selim has avowed his passion for *me* in the strongest and in the most tender language, and I feel too many prejudices in his behalf, not to do every thing in my power to fix him to *me* alone.

COULD I but, after my deliverance, fly into Selim's arms, my happiness would be inexpressible ; for I should have no apprehensions from the charms of Abra. Her person is tolerable ; she has indeed some pretensions to beauty ; but I am vain enough to believe that Selim, or—as I shall call him for the future—Dumaine, will not feel himself induced, by all her arts, to give her person the preference to mine.

WHEREVER my new lover is, may Heaven protect him against those who meditate any evil against him ! When we meet—but hence, deluding dreams—I am still in prison.

LETTER LXXXVI.

MAGATZIN to ITZUCAN at Paris.

THOU hast certainly been misinformed concerning Xicataqua; thy insinuations against her are too severe. She has, no doubt, beauty enough to make every man admire her who sees her; but must she, therefore, look upon all men with the same eyes? She has, with her own hand, assured me, that of all her lovers I had the greatest share of her regard; and shall I not believe her? By rejecting Guoyoman, my formidable rival twice, and crushing his hopes, she has plainly shewed that she has particular averfions; and if so, why may she not have particular inclinations? She *must* have a particular inclination for *me*. Was she the woman you suspect her to be, she

would give equal encouragement to all her lovers, that her vanity might be gratified by their striving to outdo each other in adulation.

I HAVE been hitherto prevented from entering upon my journey to Yucatan by the disorder with which I am, thou knowest, often troubled. By having recourse to improper medicines, that I might put myself into a travelling condition, I very much increased it. I do not defend my conduct; I was greatly to blame: I have been long and painfully confined. My health is now restored, and I propose to begin my journey in a few days. The concluding words of my last letter from this place were, "Wish me success;" I repeat them.

L E T.

LETTER LXXXVII.

ALVAREZ TO ZAMOR.

ZAMOR, I sympathize with thee sincerely on the loss of Xeris; but thou hadst no reason, after thy strange behaviour to her, to imagine that she would come back to thy arms. Thou art greatly to be pitied, but thou hast also greatly to be blamed. Thou art thrown away, with a wanton rashness, the most valuable jewel thou ever hadst in thy possession; Xeris was a wife to be prized beyond mines of gold.]

It is unnecessary, at this time, to acquaint thee with the calamities which those bring upon themselves who suffer their passions to govern them, uncontrolled. Thou art severely punished for thy unreasonable jealousy. Of all the

passions, jealousy is the most destructive of domestic happiness; when *that* passion once enters the heart, it gathers new strength every hour, dashes reason from her throne, and throws the whole human frame into dreadful convulsions. —But I need not expatiate on this subject. I am not writing to a man void of sensibility: I am writing to a man, to the acuteness of whose sensibility all his miseries may fairly be attributed.

WHILE I pity thy truly wretched condition, I cannot help receiving some pleasure from thy being convinced that I left nothing undone to produce a reconciliation between thee and Xeris, thy injured wife. Thou hast driven her from thee entirely by thy own cruel treatment, and thou canst not, justly, wonder at her flight from thee. I say not this to reproach thee for thy past behaviour, but to encourage the recollection of it,
because

because it may, though painful, be, ultimately, attended with desirable consequences. Thy repentance, naturally arising from thy contrition, and thy sufferings, occasioned by thy penitence, may, in time, reach the ears of Xeris: she may relent, and she may return to thee,

LETTER LXXXVIII.

XERIS TO XICATAQUA at Yucatan.

PAINFUL indeed, my beloved Xicataqua, are the trials which I am destined to go through.

My sex is discovered: it was discovered in the following manner:

ANTONIO, having, in compliance with the very earnest request of one of his most intimate Mexican friends, Don Diego de Campo, waited on a sister of his, married to a Spanish merchant at this place, soon after his arrival here, was so well received, both by her and her husband, that he frequently renewed his visits, and always renewed them with additional pleasure. His conversation was almost equally courted by Leonardo
and

and by Isabella. The *former* entertained Diego's friend without any of those emotions which the majority of *Spanish husbands* feel—(especially old men with young wives, in other words, Leonardos and Isabellas)—emotions which always poison their domestic peace, and very often create scenes of the deepest distress. The *latter*, happy in not having a jealous husband, conversed with Antonio in a free unreserved way, affording him no small pleasure by the display of her ingenious talents, and polite accomplishments.

I HAVE said that Isabella was happy in not having a jealous husband: she had, indeed, the greatest reason to be so, for she certainly, in a short time, preferred Antonio *to him*.

ONE day, under the pretence of making an enquiry after her brother at Mexi-

co, she came to my indulgent lord's house, and behaved in a manner sufficient to convince him, that if he was a man regardless of his honour, he might grossly affront her husband with *her* concurrence.

ANTONIO, being a man of honour, disappointed her. He answered her in terms which provoked her. They quenched her hopes, they kindled her resentment. She left him with eyes darting anger, with looks full of shame and vexation.

THE repulse which Isabella met with from Antonio was attended with interesting and affecting consequences. From that time she beheld her husband, every day, with less friendly eyes, and, at last, shewed her aversion to him so plainly, that he could not possibly help observing it. Then, and not till then,
he

he began to harbour suspicions unfavourable to her, and from the moment those suspicions entered into his mind, he studiously endeavoured to find out the man who had alienated her affections from him.

HE was not long in suspense. Isabella's behaviour to Antonio, notwithstanding her disappointment, soon informed him that he was the man who had seduced his wife's heart from him.

ANTONIO had, in truth, seduced Isabella's heart from her husband, but without any intention to deprive him of it: his person, his manners, his conversation, had seduced it. *His* heart had no share in the seduction of *hers*.

WHEN a Spanish husband is once fired with jealousy, he never remains long in state of inactivity. He makes haste to
wreak

wreak his revenge against the offending parties; the unfaithful wife and her criminal companion.

ANTONIO, after Isabella's very unexpected behaviour to him, would have ceased to visit Leonardo, if he could have framed any plausible excuse for absenting himself from his house.—I often heard him say, Leonardo has not yet shewn any dislike to *my* company; why then should I lose the pleasure which I receive from *his*?

HE went, therefore, to Leonardo's house as usual: though Isabella, whenever he happened to left alone with her, offended him highly by her indelicate freedoms.

WHEN he was, one day, particularly offended by such freedoms, struggling to disengage himself from her, for she
had

had seized him by the arm, before he could reach the door of the room in which they were, Leonardo came in. Immediately supposing that Antonio was endeavouring to force his wife to a couch which stood near him, he flew into a violent passion; he upbraided him in the severest terms, for his ungrateful as well as dishonourable proceedings.

ANTONIO was so confounded at his sudden appearance, and at the severity of his language, that he could not speak a word.

ISABELLA was also struck dumb.

AFTER a short silence, Antonio, too generous to defend himself at Isabella's expence, only told him, the enraged husband, that he had not deserved such treatment from him.

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WITH these words he took leave of Leonardo, and came home.

DURING the remainder of the day he seemed to be full of thought, and full of anxiety.

IN the evening, he received a note which increased his melancholy.

As I was very much pained by his dejection, I pressed him several times to tell me what made him so uneasy ; but could not get a satisfactory answer from him.

WHEN I saw his melancholy increased by *his* note, I renewed my intreaties. He, at last, acquainted me with all that had passed at Leonardo's house the evening before ; and concluded with saying, " Leonardo has sent me a challenge. He has desired me to meet him armed,
to-

to-morrow morning early. If I am alive, I will meet him."

I WAS terrified at his resolution. The idea of his being murdered made me shudder. I strove, but strove in vain, to dissuade him from paying any regard to the challenge, as he was the injured person, and as he could not, having frequently given proofs of his courage, be taxed with cowardice for refusing to comply with it.

"My honour will be impeached, replied he, and my courage disputed, if I refuse to meet Leonardo. I *will* meet him. What is life without honour? and how can honour be supported by a coward?"

FINDING it impossible to gain my point, I begged him, on my knees, to
let

let me accompany him. I could not help weeping at the same time.

My supplicating posture moved him : he was softened with my tears : he agreed to my request.

“ If I kill my antagonist fairly, said he, you will be able to vindicate my honour, should it be questioned. If I am killed fairly by *him*, I charge you to do him the same justice.”

THE latter part of that speech filled my eyes with tears again.—He left me soon afterwards, to weep by myself, and retired to his chamber.

I RETIRED to *my* chamber ; but I could not close my eyes.

AT the appointed hour I went to Antonio's chamber, to call him. It was with difficulty I waked him, so soundly did he sleep.

WHEN

WHEN he rose, he told me, that I looked as if I had been up all night.

I REPLIED, " I have had no rest."

" POOR Pedro, said he, you are in love, perhaps."

I COLOURED, and hung down my head. I longed to surprise him with a discovery of my sex ; but could not bring myself to acquaint him with it. I followed him to the place appointed, with sensations which I cannot describe.

LEONARDO was ready to face his adversary, and without a second.

I STOOD at a distance, according to Antonio's orders, while he advanced to Leonardo ; but I was not long able to obey them. As soon as I saw their swords drawn, I quitted my post. I ran towards the combatants, and threw myself between them. On receiving a wound
from

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from Antonio's sword, near my breast, on the right side, I fell.

ANTONIO immediately exclaimed,—
“What have I done! I have killed my boy!” and then hastened to stop the blood, which flowed very fast, with his handkerchief.

By unbuttoning my waistcoat, in order to come at the wound, he discovered my sex.

“OH! Heaven!” exclaimed he again, a woman! What a sight is this? Then intreating Leonardo to postpone the satisfaction he required till another day, begged him to be attentive to *me*, while he went for a surgeon.

LEONARDO behaved to me with a humanity, with a tenderness, which redounded to his honour.

SOON

Soon after Antonio's departure, I grew so faint that I could not hold up my head—I was dizzy—I lost my senses.

WHEN I became sensible again of my existence, I found myself in my own apartment, attended by Antonio and the surgeon. The latter assured me, having just dressed my wound, that I was not at all in a dangerous way; adding, that I should soon be well.

ANTONIO replied, with a lovely tone, “I hope so;”—and, by the manner in which he spoke those few words, convinced me that he was rejoiced at the discovery which the adventure of the morning had produced.

WHEN I waked the next morning, after having rested well, I wished to see Antonio, to inform him how much I had been refreshed, and how little pain I felt from my wound, which he had, though unde-

undefignedly, occasioned ; and I wished to make him easy concerning my recovery, because I had all the reason in the world to believe that he was deeply interested in it.

I ENQUIRED eagerly after him. He was not at home : he had left his house at day-break, and had not been heard of since.

I WAS alarmed ; I was terrified. Recollecting instantly what he had said to Leonardo about *postponing the required satisfaction*, I doubted not but that he was gone to meet his challenger a second time, that there might be no slur cast upon his honour.

I REMAINED in a state of the most torturing suspense till the surgeon made his appearance.

My

My first words were, “Do you know anything relating to Don Antonio, Sir?”

“Don Antonio, Madam, answered he, is very well; but—”

HERE he stopped, looking earnestly at me.

“But what, Sir?”

“You must not expect to see him for some time; perhaps never.”

“How, Sir? has he killed Don Leonardo?”

“HAVE you heard of the duel between them?” said he.

“No, Sir, replied I; but I fear they have been fighting.”

THEY *have* fought, Madam;—but you may banish your fears about Don Antonio. He is very well; yet, as he
has

has dangerously wounded his antagonist, he has thought it prudent to retire to the house of a friend, a few leagues from hence. If Don Leonardo recovers, he will return home; if Don Leonardo dies, he will not continue in Spain."

THIS intelligence threw me into a violent agitation, which made the surgeon intreat me not to make myself uneasy upon Don Antonio's account. "Let me prevail on you, Madam, added he, to keep your mind as composed as possible, that your recovery may be the more speedy. You will, by so doing, give Antonio infinite pleasure, in his present state of uncertainty with regard to the life of his adversary. He desired me, before he set off, with great earnestness, relying on my friendship, to assure you, that *your* recovery was of the utmost importance to his peace; and that he would soon find some way to communicate his sentiments

MEXICAN LETTERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

MEXICAN JOURNAL

OF THE
JOURNALS OF

JOHN L. GARDNER
AND
JOHN W. GARDNER

IN
THE
MEXICAN JOURNAL

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timents concerning it with his own hand."

THE conclusion of this speech afforded me much consolation ; but I waited with the utmost impatience for a letter from Don Antonio, in consequence of his parting words to his friend.

I WAITED with impatience to hear from him ; but as I was informed, every day, that Don Leonardo was more and more out of danger, I pleased myself, while I wished for the promised letter, with thinking that the amiable writer of it would not be obliged to fly from his native country.

IN a few days the long-expected letter arrived, and I received great pleasure from it. My pleasure was increased by the apology he made for not writing before : they were as satisfactory as they were polite.

I DISPATCHED an answer, dictated by gratitude : I received a reply from him, written with the pen of love.

ON his coming back to Cadiz, after having heard of Leonardo's perfect recovery, Antonio seemed to be overwhelmed with joy to see *me* thoroughly recovered *. At Cadiz, however, not chusing for several reasons, to continue, he made new regulations in his affairs, and removed to Madrid. With *him* (with whom else *can* I be, having no relations in Spain, no friend in Spain, but *him*) I am, at present in this proud city, on which thou hast, no doubt, my Xicataqua, heard the most extravagant encomiums from Spanish lips. It is natural for the inhabitants of every country, for national

* In compliance with his request, I gratified his curiosity by relating my story to him. He was struck with several parts of it, and assured me, that he would always prove my sincere friend.

prejudices

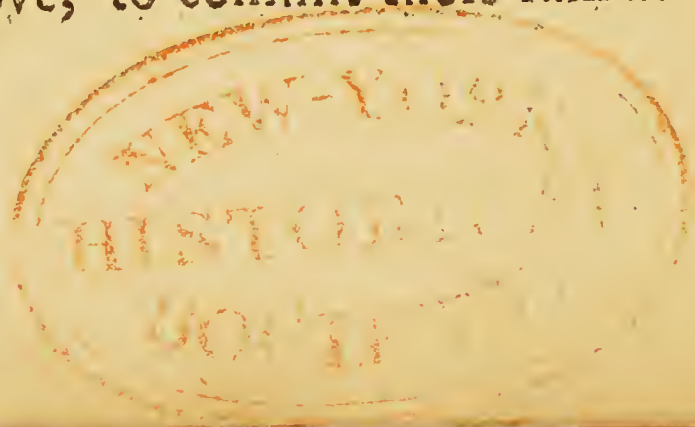
prejudices are stubborn things, to prefer *that* to all other countries. I am still an American. Madrid has not charms sufficient to hinder me from wishing to return to Mexico. Had Zamor never injured me!—I can forgive all his injuries, though I am no Christian; to blot them from my memory, is not in my power.

From Madrid.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From ZAMOR to ALVAREZ.

I THANK thee, generous Alvarez, for sympathizing with me on the loss of Xeris. My behaviour, my ungrateful, my cruel behaviour, did indeed drive her from my arms; and, as thou justly sayest, I have no reason to expect her return: But may not I wish for it? Ought not I to wish for it, to convince her by my future conduct that I deserve her forgiveness? I dare not hope to enjoy her affection again; and yet, when the tears of my penitence, which is most sincere, when she hears how much I have suffered since her absence from me, how much I still endure, she may feel some desire to come back to her repenting husband, who was hurried, by excess of love, to commit those rash actions which forced



forced her, for her own safety, to abandon him. Well dost thou, noble Alvarez, call Xeris the most valuable jewel I ever had in my possession. She was, in truth, a treasure beyond estimation: the more I reflect upon my past folly, the more I reproach myself: but while I am an object to be condemned, am I not also an object to be pitied? Thou thinkest me such an object; I am pitied by thee.

WHAT thou sayest about jealousy, I feel as strongly as it is possible for man to feel it. My behaviour has been criminal, my punishment has been severe. I am at this moment tortured by recollection.

LETTER XC.

ZULIMA TO ZAYDE at * * * * *.

THY last letters, Zayde, have made me so impatient to hear from thee again, that I cannot express what I feel upon thy account. It seems to me that thou art now in a fair way to be released from thy confinement, by the friendly assistance of Abra. Her assistance will be friendly, notwithstanding her motives, which thou hast discovered. When we receive benefits, we should not too nicely enquire into the springs by which our benefactors are moved to serve us. Thou hast reason, however, to be pleased with having discovered the motives of Abra; thou wilt, by having found them out, be upon thy guard against her designs to supplant thee.

I WISH

I wish sincerely that thou mayest soon be freed from thy prison ; that thou mayest be happy with thy new lover, in spite of all thy rival's attempts to draw him from thee.

From Marfeilles.



LETTER XCI.

ITZUCAN to AMEXIS at London.

THOU tellest me, that I have been long silent : thou payest me a compliment which I do not deserve, by complaining of my silence. If my letters entertain thee, I rejoice ; they are written for thy entertainment, and I should be disappointed did they not answer the end designed.

E 4

I SHOULD

80 MEXICAN LETTERS.

I SHOULD rejoice exceedingly, if I could send thee any tidings of Zulima, because that I know thy uncertainty on her account is extremely painful to thee.

IN the letter preceding thy last, thou madest much enquiry after the unfortunate husband of Xeris, greatly affected by a letter from him, in a style denoting strongly the torturing situation of his mind. I am as anxious about the unhappy Zamor as thou canst be ; and I wish, with equal eagerness, to receive intelligence concerning him. I wrote to him some time ago, in the character of a philosopher, earnestly pressed upon him the duty of being resigned, and endeavoured to enable him to bear his troubles with patience, by urging religious considerations. The same considerations I would recommend to my Amexis, drooping beneath the weight of *his* afflictions, did I imagine he stood in need of them. Often
have

have I told Zamor, that the *just gods do nothing in vain*. These words cannot be too often repeated by us when we feel ourselves disposed to murmur at the decrees of the *Immortals*; *their* decrees must be for the general good, whatever misery particular individuals may endure. Those who have a firm reliance on the justice and mercy of the great gods, are completely armed against all the calamities which can assault them in their travels through life.

I WANT words to describe the pleasure which thy behaviour to the merchant of linnen gave me; to describe the resentment which arose in my mind against his narrow notions of religion. He never could have acquired *such* notions from the book held sacred by Christians; for to speak of the doctrines of Christ in terms proportioned to their merit, a noble spirit of benevolence breathes through them:

E 5

with

reason did Alonzo approve of thy humane and judicious conduct, with a laudable detestation of the merchant's *unchristian* carriage, did he resolve to have no transactions with him.

IN order to make thee smile a little, after these grave sentences, I will acquaint thee with the behaviour of a physician, who attended me lately. He is reckoned a man eminent in his profession, and had been sent for by Don Ferdinando to prescribe for me, who is too apt to think, with many people, that it is necessary for a man to have a doctor at his elbow when he is indisposed. Had I been slightly indisposed, the assistance of any medical gentleman would probably have been deemed needless; but as I was seized with a violent pain in my stomach, which threatened to put a speedy end to my life, Don Ferdinando dispatched a servant, without any opposition

tion from me, to the physician recommended to him soon after his arrival at Paris.

LUCKILY for me, while the servant was gone in search of the physician, the lady at whose house we lodged came home, and spoke so much in praise of a medicine prepared by herself, assuring me that it never failed to give relief in such cases as mine, that I begged her to let me take some of it. I was in great pain, no doctor came to my assistance; I took it, and found immediate relief.

WHEN I had just returned my sincere thanks to the lady for her medicine, the physician whom Don Ferdinando had sent for arrived.

He was a short, elderly man, with a thin face, and very pale complexion. He looked, indeed, as if he was himself but half-alive.—However, he advanced

to me with a vivacity in his manner peculiar to the old as well as the young in France, and sat down by me, and desired to have the honour of taking hold of my hand.

WHEN he had got the hand which I stretched out to him, into one of his, he felt my pulse with the other, applying his ear to it at the same time, as if he had been listening attentively to the pendulum of a clock.

AFTER having sat a few moments in that position, he asked me, with a solemnity in his countenance which almost threw my features out of their natural state, where I found myself ill?

As I was at that instant free from pain, I told him, that I was very well.

“ PARDON me, Sir, said he, pushing up his shoulders, I have studied physic
above

above thirty years. You are extremely out of order."

HE then, applying his ear again to my pulse, declared, that I was in a high fever.

As soon as that declaration was made, he started from his chair, hurried to a table standing on the other side of the room, and cried, "I must write."

WHEN he had, with great rapidity, blotted near half a sheet of paper, he returned to me.

"HAVE the goodness, Sir, said he, to put out your tongue."

I COMPLIED with his request.

"You may depend upon my honour, Sir, continued he, when I assure you, that your disorder is a malignant fever; but I have written."

WITH

WITH these words, which were accompanied with a multitude of bows, he took leave of me, promising to call in a few hours. As he seemed to have too favourable an opinion of his own skill to give credit to any thing I could say against the decision he had made, I attempted not to tell him that his visit and his physic would be equally unnecessary : I contented myself with throwing away the medicines he had promised, and with refusing to see the man who had discovered, after the practice of thirty years, so considerable a want of medical sagacity.

From Paris.

LET.

LETTER XCII.

ELVIRA to ZULIMA at Marseilles.

YOU desired me, my dear Zulima, when I left Marseilles with the generous and amiable man who delivered me from my Turkish captivity, and to whom you saw me joined by the strongest ties, to write to you on my arrival at Lyons. We arrived here, after a safe, pleasant, and expeditious journey, and I found my reception from Mr. Beaumont's relations as agreeable as he assured me before our departure it would certainly be. Pleased with the politeness of my reception by Mr. Beaumont's relations, and charmed with his own increasing assiduities, I felt myself the happiest of women, and of wives, and enjoyed my felicity with a double zest, by reflecting

reflecting upon the severe disappointments I had met with, the difficulties I had encountered, and the distresses I had endured. Prosperity can never be truly relished but by those who have drank deeply of the bitter cup of affliction, and who have been almost overwhelmed with their misfortunes. He who was never a slave, was never thoroughly sensible of the blessing of liberty : he who never languished in sickness, never knew how to set a proper value on health.

I embrace this first opportunity to acquaint you with my happiness, because I have no doubts with regard to your receiving my letter concerning it, with pleasure. I should be unreasonable to expect any addition to my felicity : I cannot be happier than I am. I beg pardon, my dear Zulima, for dwelling so long upon this subject ; but after having experienced so much wretchedness, I
can-

cannot help shewing some signs of exultation at the fortunate revolution in my affairs.

I AM sometimes, indeed, disturbed by fears and anxieties concerning the continuance of my happiness ; but whenever I am so disturbed, I endeavour to regain my former tranquillity, by reflecting upon the absurdity of embittering the satisfactions of the present instant with alarming apprehensions about future events.

From Lyons.

L E T.

LETTER XCIII.

ZULIMA TO ELVIRA at Lyons.

TO convince thee, my dear Elvira, that thy letter, containing an account of thy happiness with the amiable man to whom I saw thee united before thy departure from this place, was welcome to me, I send thee an immediate answer to it. I took up my pen as soon as I had read it, and shall lay it down with the sincerest wishes for the duration of thy felicity. Long mayest thou be happy with thy Beaumont! I do not wonder at the joy which thou discoverest in thy new situation; by comparing that with thy former ones, thou hast great reason to be delighted with it. When I think of what thou hast suffered, thy expressions appear not extravagant.

My

My lover, Sydenham, strives more and more, every hour, to win my affections. Had I never beheld Amexis, I should have, most probably, before this time, fixed them on him. He behaves with so much respect, and employs himself perpetually in so many tender offices about me, that I give my bosom a great deal of pain by refusing to comply with his desires. Sydenham is deserving of my love ; but I can only bestow on him my esteem. My heart is devoted to Amexis. I have been long separated from him—what a cruel separation!—but memory often places him before my eyes, adorned with all those charms by which my heart was subdued. When I cease to remember Amexis, I must cease to live.

I LAY down my pen with the sincerest wishes for the duration of thy felicity.—
Oh ! Amexis !

From Marsilles.

LETTER XCIV.

MAGATZIN to ITZUCAN at Paris.

FROM this instant I give up all thoughts of women; there is no placing any confidence in them; there is no believing what they say; they are full of deceit; false, false sex! When I meet another woman—But I will inform thee of my cruel disappointment, if my reflections, in consequence of it, do not render me unable to proceed *.

I LEFT Mexico full of pleasing expectations. Often, while I was on the way to Yucatan, I read Xicataqua's letter, which had given me so much encouragement, and travelled with double

* See Letter LXXXV.

expe-

expedition, in order to arrive at the end of my journey.

WHEN I had performed half my journey, I heard intelligence which, at first, deprived me of the power of speech. I was informed, that Xicataqua had removed from Yucatan with the man whom she had twice rejected, with the utmost disdain, with Guoyman.

As soon as I could find words to express my feelings, I exclaimed, in the bitterest language against the falshood of women in general, and loaded Xicataqua with particular reproaches, as she had treated me, I thought, after the declaration which she had made in my favour, in a manner particularly to be resented.

FOR some time I was uncertain how to act: for while I reproached Xicataqua, I felt that I loved her; and the thoughts
I of

of her being married to my Tlascalan rival almost drove me to madness.

THIS moment I resolved to pursue my faithless mistress, and to upbraid her in person, for having deluded me into a belief that I was preferred to all her lovers ; to upbraid her, with additional sharpness, for having sacrificed herself to the man she abhorred, in consideration of his riches ; as I could not account for her strange proceeding, without suspecting her of having been governed by avarice. Such was my resolution this moment ; the next I determined to return home, and to take no farther trouble about a mercenary woman, unworthy of my notice.

AFTER many struggles, my determination to return home remained unshaken.

I AM again at Mexico. I am cured of my passion for Xicataqua. I wonder I ever loved her.

LETTER XCV.

ITZUCAN to MAGATZIN at Mexico.

TH Y letter, written with the pen of disappointment, on thy return to Mexico, occasioned no surprize in me. As I never depended upon Xicataqua's declarations to thee, I wondered not to find her inconstant. Did I not * warn thee against her? Did I not tell thee, that she received too much pleasure from general admiration to confine herself to one man? Thou wilt say, perhaps, that she has, at last, confined herself to Guoyoman. I will not believe that she can be faithfully attached to any man. Guoyoman, if his riches alone have induced her to become his wife,

* See Letter LXXXI.

will

will certainly have no reason to rely upon her fidelity.

THOU didst well not to follow thy Yucatan idol : thou didst well to return to Mexico. I rejoice to hear that thou art cured of thy passion for Xicataqua ; and I hope, that the next woman who makes an impression upon thy heart will be more deserving of it.

CANST thou send me any news about Zamor ? Amexis wishes very much to receive some intelligence concerning him, and so do I : by making enquiries after him, thou wilt oblige us both.

LET-

LETTER XCVI.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

I THANK thee for thy account of the physician's behaviour to thee ; it was of great service to me, by giving a turn to my spirits, as I had just before its arrival made myself very melancholy, by reflecting on my state of separation from the charming woman, for whose sake only I wish to live. To say I smiled, is not to say enough ; I really laughed aloud, though I was by myself, at the doctor's buffoonery, for so I must call it, while he rendered his ignorance more ridiculous by the high opinion which he discovered of his knowledge. Thou hast no encouragement to receive another visit from him, in a medical way ; but he may, I think, prove a diverting companion, when thou

happenest to be tired with thy own thoughts, and wantest to change the scene. I often find considerable relief even from the objects which I see from my window, in the street; the more ludicrous ones are sometimes the most beneficial.

IN return for the entertainment which I received from thy last letter, I will endeavour to give some to thee, by relating an occurrence which engaged my attention this morning.

THOU knowest that I live in a * populous part of this great city; and wilt not therefore be surprised to hear me say, that I never want amusement when I am looking at the moving pictures before me.

WHILE I was standing at my window this morning, I beheld opposite to me an

* Piccadilly.

old

old man, whose appearance was singular enough to strike me. He was very much wrinkled; and he was so feeble that he could scarcely support himself with his stick. He was dressed as gayly as if he had been in the prime of life; his cloaths were ornamented with silver lace, and his gouty legs were adorned with white silk stockings. The sight of him raised my pity and contempt.

THE approach of a beautiful young woman threw the gay old man into a condition which made him completely ridiculous: his attempts to set himself off to the best advantage were beyond expression extravagant and absurd.

THE young woman would have passed him, it is most likely, with the neglect he deserved, had he not stopped her, and put his mouth close to her ear. It is impossible for me to tell thee what he said

to her ; but, from the manner in which she treated him, I suppose that his behaviour was an affront to her modesty, for she answered him not with her lips, but with her hand, which fell so furiously upon his withered countenance that he was almost thrown down by the blow. The young woman, when she had shewn her resentment in that way, walked on, as if nothing had happened ; but the old man could not, for some time, proceed. He made a shift to hobble towards a post, and stood, leaning upon it, to recover himself, surrounded by several children, who pointed at him, and laughed at him. He seemed very much mortified at their behaviour, and looked thoroughly ashamed of his conduct, as well as of his dress.

How respectable might the old make themselves, if they would always appear, and always behave with propriety ! how despicable

despicable they make themselves, when their appearance and their deportment are equally unsuitable to their age!

From London.



LETTER XCVII.

ELVIRA to ZULIMA at Marseilles.

I AM particularly pleased with your friendly and affectionate expressions, my dear Zulima, because I believe them to be sincere, to come warm from the heart: but I am far less happy than I was when I dispatched my * *exulting* epistle to you. I sit whole hours sighing and in tears; and I suffer during those hours the more, as I know not how to communicate my griefs to the person who

* See Letter XCI.

is the cause of them. To explain myself, I must inform my dear friend, that the husband, the man on whom I doat to distraction, is the cause of them. He behaves to me indeed with as much tenderness as ever, and his affection for me does not seem to be abated; he supplies me with every thing I want, without the least apparent reluctance; he even presses me very often to tell him, whether I am sufficiently satisfied with my situation, whether there is any thing to be done on his side, to render my situation more agreeable. Before him I appear in smiles; I am ashamed to appear in tears before a man who is inexpressibly solicitous to make my life happy.

AFTER this account of Mr. Beaumont's behaviour to me, you will, and I must own with great reason, wonder at my complaints. But the truth is, I love Mr. Beaumont so fondly, that I cannot
bear

bear to see him attentive to other women, though his attentions to them are only the attentions of politeness; I am jealous of every woman to whom he pays his civilities, because I am afraid that he will in time find his attachment to me weakened.

At the conclusion of my above-mentioned exulting epistle, I told you, that I would endeavour to regain my former tranquillity, whenever I was disturbed by fears about the continuance of my happiness, by reflecting upon the absurdity of embittering the satisfactions of the instant, with apprehensions concerning future events. I am very sensible of the absurdity of giving way to the terrors of anticipation; and I sincerely wish I was of a disposition not to let those terrors take possession of my mind: but while I dread the loss of Mr. Beaumont's love, while I feel my heart alarmed whenever

he is engaged in conversation with another woman, all his winning assiduities, and endearing ways, are insufficient to remove the anxieties by which I am doubly pained, as prudence and shame, operating together, oblige me to confine my disquieting sensations to my own breast.

From Lyons.



LETTER XCVIII.

XERIS to XICATAQUA at Yucatan.

WHEN Antonio told me, before he left Cadiz, that he would always prove my sincere friend, I firmly believed him: I have had no reason since my arrival in this city* to question his sincerity. His behaviour is indeed

* Madrid.

most

most friendly to me; but he is not contented with being my friend, he discovers himself more and more every day to be my lover. He distresses me by his affectionate regard for me, because I have the same regard for him; a regard which I dare not indulge, lest it should draw me to be false to Zamor.

WHEN I consented to be the wife of Zamor, I promised to be a faithful wife; I called the great gods to hear my promise, and to pour down their wrath upon my head, if I broke it.

ZAMOR, by his ingratitude and his cruelty, destroyed the happiness which I had hoped to enjoy with him; but he shall never charge me with having dishonoured him or myself by the immorality of my conduct. This is my resolution, and I hope that the great gods will give me fortitude enough to keep it un-

F 5 shaken;

shaken; yet I cannot find words to tell you how much I suffer, by struggling with the passion which Antonio has kindled in my breast. If he continues to be so bewitchingly agreeable, I am afraid I must endeavour to save my honour by flight. But whither can I fly? To remain here with a man so formed to please, is to be in a dangerous situation; but, stranger as I am in this country, to whom can I fly to protect me, to protect me against myself?

I WAS obliged to leave Antonio in a hurry this very morning, because I was unable to bear his tender complaints, and to hide myself in my own apartment. I was still too near him for my peace. I ought to wish to be separated from him by rocks and seas: but I feel I cannot wish for such a separation; my heart is every moment rebelling against my head.

AN-

ANTONIO is coming. He must not see what I have written : the sight of what I have written would give him greater encouragement than he has yet received from my foolishly running away when he urges me to return his passion ; he certainly—

HE certainly thinks, from my behaviour to him, that I shall not long be able to resist his pressing importunities : he pleads in a very persuasive manner ; but I hope I shall be strong enough to resist the united eloquence of his eyes and of his tongue.

ANTONIO came to let me know, that he is under a necessity, much against his inclination, to leave me for a few days, to pay a visit to a near relation at the point of death. When *he* is gone, *I*, perhaps, may think of a removal.—But whither can I fly ? I have already asked myself

that question ; I can now answer it—
“ Fly to any place, to be out of the reach of a powerful temptation.”—Antonio is a powerful tempter. He has hitherto, indeed, found my resistance unfavourable to his wishes ; but he is too well acquainted with the female heart, not to see that mine is severely pained after every opposition it has made to his desires.—I must fly from him.

From Madrid.

LET.

LETTER XCIX.

MAGATZIN to ITZUCAN at Paris.

WHEN I told thee, my valuable cousin, at the conclusion of my last letter*, that I was cured of my passion for Xicataqua, I was not sufficiently acquainted with her power over my heart. Very soon after I dispatched that letter to thee, I began to repent of my hasty proceedings. My love was the cause of my repentance. I blamed myself greatly for having given credit to the person who informed me of the removal of my bosom's idol with Guoyoman, especially, as I had never seen him before. He spoke, indeed, in a very confident manner, and appeared to be a man who had not been accustomed to circulate false reports; but he

* See Letter XCIII.

might

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might have been misinformed himself. In short, I was powerfully urged by the return of my love to suspect the truth of the intelligence which had sharpened my resentment against all women in general ; I therefore determined to go directly to Yucatan, without being diverted from my purpose by any unwelcome tidings during my journey.

WITHOUT loss of time, I made preparations for my journey ; and when every thing was ready for my departure, I left Mexico again, but not exactly with the same sensations which I felt when I set out before upon my Yucatan expedition : I was then animated with hope and fluttered with expectation ; I had now fears, as well as hopes, to agitate my breast, and they both operated upon me in such a manner, that when I arrived at Yucatan, I stood still for some moments, considering whether I should proceed to Xicataqua's

MEXICAN LETTERS. III

Xicataqua's dwelling: if she is really gone off, thought I, with her Tlascalan lover, I shall never forgive myself, for having travelled so far, like a fool, on her account; but I will hope, that I shall find her at her own house.

CONDUCTED by hope, I went to her house: I asked, if she was at home? but the answer I received to my first question, from one of her slaves, almost felled me to the ground.

WHEN I recovered from my shock, I raved, and in the transports of my fury uttered the keenest reproaches against Xicataqua, for her dishonourable behaviour: after the encouragement I had received from her, under her own hand, I could not think that she had acted with honour by preferring Guoyoman to *me*. My rage against her, however, immediately subsided, when I was informed, by
another

of her slaves, that she had been forcibly carried away by Guoyoman; and that she had made the utmost resistance to his violent proceedings. The same slave added, that none of those who pretended to be her lovers had shewn any desire to rescue her out of his power.

To that additional circumstance, I replied, with a rapturous tone, inspired by love, “I will deliver her from his barbarous hands, or die in the attempt.”

ALL the slaves who heard my bold and animated expressions—for Guoyoman was dreaded at Yucatan—applauded my resolution, and, with tears in their eyes—for they loved their humane mistress—wished that I might be successful.

WITHOUT delay I left Yucatan, and proceeded towards the habitation of my Tlascalan rival, breathing revenge against him.

WHEN

WHEN I had travelled a few leagues, I was so much oppressed with heat, and in consequence of excessive heat so much oppressed with excessive thirst, that not being within sight of any water, I fainted.

To my unspeakable astonishment I found myself, on the return of my senses, attended by Xicataqua and Zamor.

FOR some moments, I could only express my astonishment with my wide-extended eyes ; I could not utter a word.

My first words were the most grateful acknowledgments I could articulate to them both for having recalled me to life.

I THEN addressed myself particularly to Xicataqua, and congratulated her on her escape from Guoyoman.

THANKS to the gods, and to thy friend Zamor, replied she, I was delivered from
the

the rude hands of Guoyoman, before he could, with all his flatteries and threats, prevail on me to become his wife. To do the boasting Tlascalan justice, however, he offered no insult to my virtue while I was in his power.

AFTER having again congratulated her upon her escape, I turned to her deliverer: “Zamor, said I to him, thou art entitled to my thanks for thy services to Xicataqua, for I am deeply interested in her happiness: I was going to deliver her myself; but I was seized with a faintness, which stopped me in my progress to Guoyoman’s territories.

BEFORE Zamor could make a reply, Xicataqua, with a benignant smile, thanked me for my generous intentions. The smile which brightened her face, darted gladness to my heart. “But how camest thou, Magatzin, to hear of my forced departure from Yucatan, or, hearing of it,

to

to think of opposing so powerful a rival in his own dominions?"

I WAS going to give her a full account of myself as far as it related to her; but Zamor proposed my postponing it, till we arrived at Yucatan. I, therefore, only acquainted Xicataqua with a few particulars concerning my conduct with regard to her; and she seemed to be very much pleased with them.

AT present I am at Yucatan, and as happy as I was wretched when I finished my last letter to you. I do not reside in the same house with Xicataqua; but I have apartments very near her, and spend the greatest part of every day with her. What a fortunate revolution!

IN a few days I shall set out on my return to Mexico, in order to make some necessary regulations in my affairs, previous to my marriage; for Xicataqua has

has solemnly promised to be my wife. I am contented with her promise. She has thoroughly convinced me that I am high in her esteem.

ZAMOR is often of our parties ; we endeavour to *dispel* the melancholy which preys upon his mind, but in vain. He is the most unhappy of men. Surely he has, by this time, atoned for his unjustifiable behaviour to Xeris. My charming Xicataqua is of my opinion ; and tells him, by way of consolation, that she will do all in her power to move her heart in his favour. Xeris is, I find, at Madrid. Xicataqua corresponds with her.

From Yucatan.

LET.

LETTER C.

ZULIMA to ELVIRA at Lyons.

I COULD hardly believe the contents of thy complaining letter. Is it possible for Elvira to be unhappy, when her Beaumont does every thing in his power to promote her happiness? Thou art, indeed, to blame for making thyself so uneasy because he behaves to other women with common politeness. Thou dost not accuse him of an improper behaviour to them; thou dost not, therefore, grieve with reason. Did he shew a particular inclination for any particular woman, thou wouldst have reason, perhaps, to wish that he did not distinguish her from the rest of thy acquaintance; but even then, thou wouldst not have reason to be alarmed. While Beaumont behaves to thee

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thee in the manner thou tellest me he does, thou mayest, in my opinion, be satisfied with him; thou mayest be assured, I think, that his love for thee will not be weakened by his politeness to other women.

THESE are my real sentiments with regard to thy husband's behaviour, and thy distress occasioned by it: but I will not venture to say, that I should not feel as thou feelest, if Amexis, whom I in vain wish to behold, from day to day, should, after having united himself to me, be very civil to any of my sex. I know how easy it is to see errors in other people, and how difficult it is to correct our own.

I PITY thee for not being happy with thy husband, who, according to thy confession, studies every hour to make thee so: do thou pity me, in return, for
not

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not being contented with the hourly endeavours of a worthy man to render my life a life of happiness.—But how can I think of happiness without Amexis? My lover has merit enough to intitle him to my sincerest esteem; and if I never had seen Amexis, Sydenham would certainly be the man I should chuse for a husband. I shall ever be the friend of Sydenham, for his generous carriage; I shall ever view him in the light of a deliverer: Amexis only shall be my husband. May the great gods bless and preserve him, wherever he is; and may I be as fondly remembered by him as he is by me.

DRIVE away jealousy from thy mind, Elvira; on no account let Beaumont see that you have any doubt concerning his constancy.

From Marseilles.

L E T.

LETTER CI.

ITZUCAN to MAGATZIN at Mexico.

I SHALL direct this letter to thee at Mexico, though thy last letter is dated from Yucatan, as thou didst intend to return home in a few days after the dispatch of it to me, in order to make preparations for thy approaching marriage. I am now perfectly reconciled to Xicataqua; I wish thee and her the greatest happiness together, and I desire that thou wilt not shew her what I wrote to her disadvantage: I wrote according to my information; but thou hast convinced me that I have been deceived by false intelligence. It is a hard matter to come at the truth.

I do not wonder that the sight of Xicataqua and Zamor, on the revival of thy
senses,

senses, affected thee in the manner thou hast described. Thou hadst reason to behold them with surprize.

It was lucky for thee, that the deliverer of Xicataqua happened to be thy friend: another man might have made, in consequence of his activity, in rescuing her from the hands of her Tlascalan lover, a tender impression on her heart, favourable to his passion, if he had been inspired by love to exert himself in her behalf.

I AM pleased, on many accounts, to hear that Zamor is at Yucatan, and hope, that wherever thou settlest with Xicataqua, thou wilt prevail on him to be near thee. He will, I think, chuse to be near two such friends, especially, as he is now acquainted with the place which contains his Xeris. Thou wilt, no doubt, join thy endeavours to Xica-

taqua's to persuade Xeris to be reconciled to her repenting husband; and I will not be idle upon the occasion.—Great has been the folly of Zamor; but he has, in my opinion, atoned for all his misbehaviour by his penitence and his sufferings: if Xeris remains inexorable, she has the heart of a savage.

As it is highly probable, that you may be united to the beautiful woman whom thou hast so long wished to make thy wife, before this comes to thy hands, I will venture to send thee my sincere congratulations, which also wait on Xicataqua.

From Paris§

L E T.

LETTER CII.

ITZUCAN to AMEXIS at London.

THY description of the old man's dress and behaviour provoked my laughter; and, I do not think, that the young woman was to be blamed for *her* behaviour, supposing,—and it may fairly be supposed—that he mentioned something offensive to her modesty.—Thy concluding reflections are just: the old would never be treated with disrespect by the young, if they did not, by affecting to appear out of character, make themselves truly ridiculous.

I RECEIVED, a few days ago, a long letter from Magatzin; I send thee inclosed a copy of it for thy amusement. Thou wilt see, that my plain cousin is, at last, going to be married to Xicata-

qua. I have already dispatched my congratulations, imagining, that the ceremony will be performed between them before my letter arrives at Mexico.

THE intelligence concerning Zamor will, I trust, be particularly agreeable to thee. He is not so happy at present, as thou and I wish him to be; but he may, perhaps, by our united endeavours, added to the good offices of Xicataqua and Magatzin, be once again in a happy situation. It is a great point gained, in my opinion, to know that Xeris is so near us. I shall write to her very soon, and in the strongest terms, in favour of Zamor, who has, I think, made ample amends for his imprudent conduct, by his repentance, the sincerity of which is evident from its continuance, and from the immoveable melancholy which oppresses him. Thou too, Amexis, will, I hope, write to the wife
of

of thy friend. To bring about a reconciliation between them, will be to receive a considerable satisfaction. I can answer for myself: I can do more, I can answer for thee.



LETTER CIII.

ZAMOR to ALVAREZ.

I HAVE troubled thee often with my sorrows, my generous lord Alvarez, and thou hast often, by sympathizing expressions, afforded some relief to my distracted mind. My sorrows are not yet entirely removed, but they are diminished: the weight of them is not so heavy as it was when I wrote my last penitential epistle.

By a very unexpected, but fortunate accident, I delivered Xicataqua, of Yu-

G 3

catan,

catan, 'from the hands of Guoyoman, her Tlascalan lover.

ON our return to Yucatan, we were both surpris'd at the sight of Magatzin.

MAGATZIN, having heard of Guoyoman's violent proceedings, set out towards Tlascala, he fainted by the way: we found him on the ground, stretched like a corpse, but soon, by our applications, restored him to life.

By Xicataqua I have been informed, that my injured wife is at Madrid. Xicataqua corresponds with her, and has declared, that she will leave nothing undone to move her to come back to Mexico and me.

HAVE I not reason, my generous lord, upon the strength of this fortunate adventure, to entertain some hopes

hopes of re-possessing the affections of Xeris? Xicataqua has promised repeatedly, and with the greatest earnestness, seeing what an alteration my griefs have made on my person, to paint my repentance, and the consequences produced by it, in the most striking colours, in order to accomplish her benevolent designs. Magatzin, who is shortly to be married to her, has always assured me, that his utmost endeavours in my favour shall not be wanting.

WERE I but blessed again with the sight of Xeris, I would prostrate myself at her feet, implore her forgiveness, and solemnly swear before the great gods, to spend the remainder of my days in studying to render her the happiest of her sex. I would prostrate myself at her feet. After what I have done, I cannot appear at her approach to me in a posture too humiliating.

From Yucatan.

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LETTER CIV.

ZAYDE to ZULIMA at Marseilles.

THY impatience on my account, my dear Zulima, is the strongest proof thou canst give of thy affection for me.

My last two letters were sufficient to encourage thee to expect to hear of my releasement, from the efforts of Abra to procure it.

By the assiduity and activity of Zoa, one of her female slaves, who had before won her confidence, by discovering the deception in Selim's appearance, Abra found out the place to which my lover had retired in disguise, and came to acquaint me with it.

HER

HER information gave me great pleasure. Agreeably to her advice, I wrote a few lines to my lover to apprize him of the scheme which had been concerted between us for our escape. After having informed him of the measures which I had taken in conjunction with my friend, I begged him earnestly to be ready to receive us at the garden-gate we had fixed upon for our meeting.

ABRA took my letter with a joyful countenance, and assured me that the conveyance of it should be speedy.

SHE certainly performed her promise faithfully, for, on our appearance at the garden-gate at the hour appointed, Du-maine was ready to receive us.

As soon as my lover had hastily expressed his transports at the sight of me, and declared that he would take all possible care of the companion of my flight

for my sake, he hurried us on board a vessel, which waited, he said, for our arrival not far off, and which was luckily, he added, bound for France. I was the more rejoiced at his intelligence, because I thought, that wherever I landed in France, I should have it in my power to enjoy a personal interview with my dear Zulima.

WE were under sail in a very short time, and the expedition which we made, in consequence of a brisk gale, added to the satisfaction we felt at our departure from ***, put us all into high spirits.

BUT our joy was not of a long duration. An English privateer intercepted us in our happy progress, and defeated our designs, by obliging the captain of our vessel to strike to him. We are now prisoners at Gibraltar. We are extremely well treated; but we are prisoners.

From Gibraltar.

[LET]

LETTER CV.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

I READ thy copy of Magatzin's long letter, dated from Yucatan, with attention: it afforded me much amusement. He deserves to be happy with his mistress, for he has taken a great deal of pains to get her into his possession. I have so good an opinion of thy cousin, that, I believe, Xicataqua will never find him unworthy of her love and esteem.

I AM particularly pleased to hear of Zamor's being near Xicataqua, as he has, by his accidental deliverance of her from the brutal hands of Guoyoman, made a discovery which may be, through her friendly intercession, attended with

G 6

happy

happy consequences. I sincerely wish that her intercession may be productive of a second union between the long separated pair.

I AM entirely of thy opinion with regard to the repentance of Zamor: I think, with thee, that he has made sufficient amends for his past behaviour to Xeris. Thou wilt act the part of a friend by writing to her in behalf of her penitent husband. I too will shew my friendship for Zamor by writing to Xeris. May our united endeavours answer the end for which we exerted them. If we are successful, we shall receive considerable satisfaction: if we are unsuccessful, we shall, at least, be happy with the consciousness of having discovered our good intentions.

By telling me, that my story relating to the old man and young woman provoked

voked thy laughter, thou giv'st me encouragement—for, I think, thou art entertained with my stories, by laughing at them—so send thee another of the same kind. I meet, indeed, with so many whimsical characters among the English, that I shall be able to publish a large book of my observations on them, if I stay in this country much longer.

THE house in which I lodge is not large, but it is pleasant and convenient. My apartments are upon the second floor; they are more agreeable to me than the rooms under them, as my situation is more airy, and my views more extensive.

AN old woman occupies the first floor; she has a small fortune, but is so desirous of appearing a fine lady, that she almost starves herself. She
scarce

scarce allows herself the common necessities of life, but she always goes abroad in a box made of wood and leather, and carried between two men. She has lost the greatest part of her teeth, and she is almost blind, but she takes as much pains about her dress, as if she was a girl, and quarrels with her servant if she commits the smallest mistake while she is assisting her to put on her cloaths, which are gay enough for her granddaughters, who are many. This old woman is thoroughly ridiculous in her appearance, yet she makes herself still more so by her behaviour. She is so fond of company, that she cannot sit half an hour alone without being miserable: luckily for me, who never want to run away from my own thoughts; she chuses rather to be abroad than at home, as the less expensive way of being engaged. However, she sometimes thinks it necessary, to keep up her consequence,
to

to invite those to *her* apartments who have received *her* at *theirs*.

I HAVE told thee, that this old woman is fond of company, but she has no idea of society for the sake of conversation: she goes to no body who does not set her down to cards. Without cards she would be the most unhappy woman in the world: I have heard her say so. I am sure she is far from being the most happy one when she has a card-party in her rooms.—With regard to her rooms, I must mention a proceeding of her's, which does not indeed redound to her honour, but it will serve as a proof of her ingenuity. She really has only *one* room fit for the reception of her quadrille-friends, but, upon a *rout-night*, as she calls it, she contrives to fill another joining to it, by having her bed taken down. When her friends are gone, she very contentedly waits to see her bed put up again, though

though greatly fatigued with the labour of the evening, pleasing herself all the while the carpenter is at work, with thinking that she has spent the evening like a woman of fashion. I have been often waked out of a delightful dream, by the noise made in consequence of her *genteel taste* : her next *rout* will send me to another house ; for, not having *her* notions of *gentility*, I see no reason why she should enjoy *her* pleasure at the expence of *my* peace.

From London.

LET.

LETTER CVI.

ALVAREZ to ZAMOR at Yucatan.

ZAMOR, I rejoice at the fortunate accident which brought thee connected with Xicataqua: I rejoice still more at her having promised to do all in her power to move Xeris to return to Mexico and thee. I hope thou receivest *some* satisfaction by being informed of the place where she resides at present? Were I in thy situation, I should be much consoled by the removal of my uncertainty about her. I should, I believe, fly from New Spain as soon as I could procure a conveyance, and sail away to Old Spain in search of her. Perhaps, thou mayst chuse rather to hear in what manner she receives her friend's account of thy sincere contrition, and unfeigned wretchedness

wretchedness in a separated state from her; before thou determinest to make a voyage to Europe: perhaps thou mayst judge right by so chusing. I only tell thee how I imagine I should feel myself in thy circumstances.

IF Xeris has not been polished out of her humanity since her departure from America, she will surely listen to the reasoning, the persuasions, the petitions of Xicataqua, from whose friendship and address I am, insensibly, led to expect a happy conclusion of thy racking disquiets as a deserted husband.

IT is the wish of my heart, that all the promised applications to Xeris in thy favour may prove successful: it will give me the highest pleasure to see you both happily united again.

XERIS knows what thou hast done to discourage her from living with thee ;
when

when she is acquainted with the whole course of thy behaviour from the time of her resolving to leave thee, she will, I think, she must, I think, relent.

LETTER CVII.

ZULIMA to ZAYDE at Gibraltar.

THOUGH I cannot rejoice, my dear Zayde, at thy being a prisoner of war, I am certainly glad to find thee released from thy prison at *****; a prison far less eligible, I should imagine, than that from which thy letter is dated.

THOU art under confinement, indeed, but though art under confinement with thy lover; with the man whom thou lovest. Were I with Amexis; were I
with

with him, even in chains, I should be eased of a heavy load of uneasiness, which I am destined to endure for his sake. Slavery, with Amexis, would be preferable, in my estimation, to liberty without him. If thou lovest Dumaine as sincerely as I love Amexis, the loss of thy freedom will not be severely felt by thee.

To make thee see thy own situation in a proper light, and to prevent thee from giving way to gloomy thoughts, I will relate a little story which Sydenham communicated to me yesterday. He drew many tears from me with it, and was himself so much affected, more than once, that he was unable to proceed.

A LADY at *Brest* being abruptly informed of the arrival of the ship from Martinico in which she had for some
time

time expected her husband, was almost overpowered by the joyful intelligence. Sudden joy, thou well knowest, is often as hardly to be borne as sudden grief. The lady would have fainted away, had not the person who shocked her with his abruptness, immediately exerted himself to repair his mistake, by the seasonable application of a bottle of salts. Revived by them, her wandering senses resumed, and she prepared, without delay, to go to the ship which contained the man whose long absence she had mournfully lamented.

Just when she was going into the boat, ready for her reception, she perceived, at a great distance, her husband, in a barge, with several people of both sexes, advancing towards her; she, therefore, remained on shore.

By the sudden springing up of a high wind, the sea became so rough, that the barge made very slow approaches.

IN

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IN a moment it disappeared ; and every creature in it perished in the waves.

WHAT a fight was this for the poor lady ! She fell to the ground, and lay for a considerable time without any signs of life.

SHE is alive ; but she lives in misery not to be described : in a state of distraction.

COMPARE thy situation, my dear Zayde, with the situation of this unfortunate lady, and draw consolation from the comparison.

From Marseilles.

LET

LETTER CVIII.

DON ANTONIO DE SANCHEZ to DON
LORENZO DE CASTRO at Cadiz.

OH! my faithful friend, you have often heard me pour out the joys of my heart to you: but no joys have I, at present, to impart. Sorrow has fixed her residence in my breast. You will, I am sure, confess, that I have reason to grieve, when I acquaint you with the cause of my affliction.

XERIS, the beautiful Mexican, on whom my soul has long doated, and whose tender bosom was, I thought, fondly thought, beginning to heave in my favour, has left me; left me inconsolable. She is gone away with her favourite servant, and no body can tell me whither they have directed their course.

CRUEL Xeris, to leave me with so little ceremony ; nay, to take advantage of my compelled absence from thee for a few days !—The dangerous situation of my most honoured aunt, Donna Maria, laid me under a necessity of hastening from Madrid. I hastened, but in vain, for she died before my arrival. I lamented her death sincerely, and returned to this city exceedingly dejected. However, in the midst of my melancholy, I was cheered, by reflecting upon the favourable symptoms which I had discovered in the behaviour of Xeris before my departure from her : deluded by fancy, I expected to be welcomed, on my return, with the looks and smiles of encouragement.

You may conceive the shock which I felt, when I found her not at my house : when I was informed, that she quitted it two days after my removal, and that she
had

had not been heard of since: you may conceive my shock you *must conceive it*, for *I* cannot make you sensible of it by *description*.

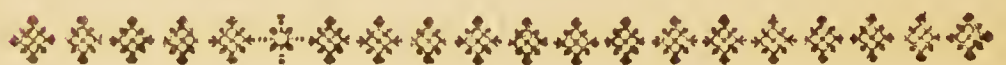
I BEHAVED upon the mortifying occasion as if my intellects were unhinged: they were certainly very much disturbed.

I DISPATCHED several of my servants, several ways, and commanded them to make the strictest enquiries after the charming fugitive.

THEY returned without being able to gain the least intelligence about her.—Chagrined at their unsatisfactory answers to my important questions, I dispatched them again with more eagerness than rationality: they returned again, and I was again disappointed.

TELL me, my faithful Lorenzo, if I have not reason to complain of my unhappy condition; pity your unfortunate friend.

From Madrid.



LETTER CIX.

From the same to the same.

I AM still in a state of the most racking uncertainty about Xeris. To lose her just when I was encouraged to hope that she was on the point of consenting to my wishes!—But how could I think of urging her to gratify my passion for her, when she told me that she was married, and declared, that she would never be false to her husband?—How many married women make the same declarations, and how many of them only pro-

nounce them with their lips; feeling no desire, at the same time, to adhere strictly to them?—That I love Xeris to distraction is certain; and if she does not love *me*, her looks and her heart are as much at variance as the most opposite things in nature can possibly be. It is to her love, which she could not controul, that I impute her flight; to her love struggling with her virtue. Determined to preserve her fidelity to her husband, and afraid to trust herself any longer with a man for whom she felt emotions sufficient to stagger her resolution, she fled from me.

On second thoughts, I am glad that she is gone: had she stayed, I might have, by the ardent renewal of my tender importunities, and by the repeated exertion of every mode of persuasion in my power, softened her into compliance: she might have yielded up her beauty to me; but

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she would also have given up her honour. When I had enjoyed her beauty, I might, perhaps, have despised her for the surrender of her charms. I might have abandoned her. She has saved my honour by her flight. I fear that I should not have gained a conquest over myself had she remained under my roof.

From Madrid.

LET-

LETTER CX.

From the same to the same.

I CANNOT live without Xeris. She is absolutely necessary to my happiness: I feel the want of her society more and more every hour.

Would she but return, how happy should I be, even within the chaste limitations of friendship! I would marry her.—Marry her!—She is already married:—perhaps not—perhaps her Mexican husband is dead. I will write to my friend Don Diego, at Mexico, and desire him to make particular enquiries after Zamor.

IF Diego's answer informs me that Zamor lives, I will do all I can to for-

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get

get Xeris : if it acquaints me with his death, I shall wish for her return to me with more eagerness than ever.

IN the mean time, I am doomed to suffer unutterable anxiety. To what place can Xeris have flown? She has no acquaintance in this city.—She knows a few people, indeed, at Cadiz. There she may hope to get a passage in some ship going to New Spain—and yet, I have heard her often say, that she never would go back to her husband.—I am wild with thinking about her. If *she* should be at Cadiz, I can hardly imagine that she appears in a female dress. Wherever she is, she is most probably disguised. She came with me, you know, to Europe, in the character of a page; and she may assume another character, in order to carry another design into execution.

As

As I have now informed you fully of the situation of my mind, and communicated all my surmises with regard to the departure of Xeris, you will, I hope, do every thing in your power to discover my Mexican deserter, through any disguise to which she can have recourse for the concealment of her sex. By this letter, you will be prepared to make enquiries of persons whom you would not, perhaps, have otherwise thought of, and in places which would not have otherwise engaged your attention. Let me particularly recommend to you the earliest applications to every captain who is bound to the *new world*.

From Madrid,

LETTER CXI.

ITZUCAN to XERIS at Madrid.

BY a singular, and I hope it will prove a fortunate event, I am become acquainted with thy residence in Spain, amiable Xeris; amiable, in spite of thy unrelenting behaviour.

ZAMOR, thy penitent husband, by having delivered thy bosom friend, Xicataqua, from the rude hands of Guoyoman, the haughty Tlascalan, who had carried her forcibly away from Yucatan, was fairly entitled to her friendship. She could not help feeling herself the friend of him who had generously signalized himself in her behalf. By his important services, and by the sincerity of his repentance for every thing which he had done to deserve the loss of *thy* affections, she was strongly urged, pierced with
com-

compassion for his sufferings, to assure him, that she would leave nothing undone to extinguish thy resentment against him, to make thee not only willing to forgive him, but desirous to return to him.

ZAMOR is not the man from whom thou fledst; to avoid whom thou fledst even to Europe, as if thou couldst not have found a retreat in thy native country, private enough to secure thee from his intrusion. I have too great a regard for truth, to which my heart was always inflexibly devoted, to say that Zamor never injured thee. Deeply did he injure thee, and his conduct can never be defended: but Zamor is, at present, a new man; he now merits thy love as much as he before merited thy aversion, thy abhorrence.

THOU are not void of sensibility, amiable Xeris. Thou hast a feeling heart.

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Thou

Thou canst weep for the sorrows of others : will not the sorrows of thy repenting husband melt thy tender heart ? Couldst thou *see* his sorrows, thou wouldst surely be melted. *I*, who have only heard of them, cannot think of them without tears. What showers of tears should fall from *thy* eyes at the mention of them ! Thou hast certainly received melancholy accounts of Zamor's situation from Xicataqua. If thou hast received a letter from her since her deliverance from Guoyoman, thou hast been, if I am not mistaken in thee, considerably affected by it. If thou hast not, this letter will, I hope, prepare thee, to give thy friend's solicitations to thee, in thy husband's favour, the reception which they deserve : if thou dost not, in consequence of them, wish to return to Zamor, thou wilt cease to be amiable.

From Paris.

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LETTER CXII.

XICATAQUA to XERIS at Madrid.

I NEVER attempted, my dear Xeris, to vindicate the behaviour of Zamor, which drove thee to fly to Europe to be out of his reach ; but his behaviour, ever since thy departure from him, has been so exemplary that it deserves the strongest vindication.

ZAMOR has acted nobly in my favour. To him I am, perhaps, indebted for my life : I am certainly indebted to him for my virtue, which was in the greatest danger. Guoyoman, my Tlascalcan lover, forced me away from Yucatan. Zamor delivered me. I will take another opportunity to send thee a circumstantial account of the whole

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affair,

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affair, but my attention is so much engaged, at this moment, by the *appearance* of thy husband, who is sitting by me, that I must dedicate the remainder of my letter to *his* service.

THE *appearance* of Zamor is affecting beyond expression. His health has been very much impaired by the tortures of his mind on thy account. If thou continuest to banish thyself from him, thou wilt be the cause of his death.

THOU wilt say, perhaps, in thy defence, that Zamor once attempted to take away *thy* life. He did indeed lift up his hand against thee, and wound thee; but when his hand wounded thee, Zamor was not master of his own actions, he was under the tyrannical dominion of a furious passion. Blinded by jealousy, he knew not what he did. Every madman, from whatever source
his

his madness arises, is to be pitied.—Zamor's madness arose from excess of love. When he was hurried by his jealousy, believing thee to be false, to stab thee, he was an object to be detested. When his reason resumed, when he reflected coolly on the rash deed he had done, he was surely an object of compassion. From that day he has been more and more such an object. By his whole behaviour from that day, he has discovered the sincerest concern for his criminal proceedings; and there is no room to suspect the sincerity of his repentance: his declining health sufficiently proves, that he remembers his past conduct with horror, and that nothing but thy return to him can put an end to the wretchedness under which he labours. Life is a burden to him, in a state of separation from thee; and, if thou dost not, on the receipt of this letter, determine to come back to him,

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him, by the first ship that sails from any of the Spanish ports to thy native country, thou wilt be his executioner ; thou wilt murder him, without being instigated by a furious passion : thou wilt murder him deliberately ; and, by so doing, exclude an apology for thy cruel inflexibility.

From Yucatan.

LETTER CXIII.

MAGATZIN to XERIS at Madrid.
(Inclosed in the foregoing.)

MY charming Xicataqua has made me the happiest of men, by permitting me to call her my wife ; but we cannot thoroughly enjoy our mutual felicity, while Zamor's health is
fast

fast declining, while his life indeed is in the utmost danger. I need not tell thee that it is in *thy* power to restore his health, by restoring peace to his distracted mind. After what thy faithful and affectionate friend has written to induce thee to return to Zamor, I can make no addition to strengthen her arguments, or to render her persuasive language more forcible. I shall only say, therefore, that I feel myself as warm an advocate for Zamor as she is, and that I sincerely pray for a revolution in thy heart, favourable to him. Whatever follies he *has* committed, however criminal his conduct *has* been with regard to thee, Zamor now deserves thy affection and thy esteem.

From Yucatan.

LET.

LETTER CXIV.

AMEXIS to XERIS at Madrid.

MY friend Itzucan, at Paris, has made me happy by acquainting me with the place of thy residence in Europe, which we have long wished to know on Zamor's account. His sufferings, occasioned by thy desertion from him, by the consciousness of having merited that desertion, and by his uncertainty about thee, are not to be described by *me*. I shall be still more happy to find the description of those sufferings by Xicataqua (to whose assistance the gods sent him, when she was in a very distressful situation) move thee to return to Mexico; to return to *him*.—Greatly has Zamor offended thee, but great has been his wretchedness during thy separation

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separation from him: and, as his repentance is sincere—(he has sufficiently proved the sincerity of it, by the injuries which his body has received from the anguish of his mind) he is surely entitled to thy forgiveness: he is entitled to thy compassion, to thy esteem—and I will venture to add—thy love.

By this time you have, it is probable, received a letter from Xicataqua, the friend of thy bosom, upon this interesting subject. Her gratitude to Zamor, and her personal regard for him, have jointly prompted her to be his advocate, according to my information, upon which I can depend. *Her* powerful pleadings will, I trust, procure a decree in favour of thy repenting husband, who waits for thy answer, doubtless in all the agonies of suspense and expectation. That answer will be to Zamor, if unfavourable, death.

From London.

LET

LETTER CXV.

LEONARDO to ANTONIO at Madrid.

WHEN a man has acted wrong, in consequence of having entertained false notions, it is his duty, as soon as he is convinced of his errors, to acknowledge them: it is also incumbent on him to make proper submissions to the person whom he has injured by his adherence to them.

LEONARDO injured Antonio by suspecting him of having criminal conversation with his wife: he freely confesses, that he acted with too much precipitation, instigated by his suspicions, when he sent him a challenge, and hopes to be pardoned for his hasty proceedings.

WHEN

WHEN I demanded satisfaction of you, Antonio, for the supposed affront to my honour, I was particularly enflamed against you, as I had, on every occasion, to the utmost of my power, shewed myself your friend. You gave me, indeed, the satisfaction I demanded, by meeting me armed, but you did not convince me, by the superiority of your skill as a swordsman, that you had not abused my friendship. I still firmly believed that you had been too intimate with Isabella. To prevent, therefore, any more alarms on your account, I confined her to her chamber, and watched her with a vigilance which was, I fancied, sufficient to quiet all my apprehensions with regard to her future incontinence. However, I continued to be unhappy. He who thinks he has been once affronted by the incontinence of his wife, can never feel that tranquility which he enjoyed

joyed when he imagined she was inviolably attached to him.

ISABELLA, during her confinement, took a great deal of pains to remove my suspicions concerning her infidelity, but to no purpose: I gave no credit to her declarations when she assured me, and in the most solemn manner, that you had taken no liberties with her which were not allowable by the strictest modesty. The more pains she took to exculpate herself and you, the more strongly were my suspicions relating to you both rivetted in my mind.

WHILE I was sitting, yesterday morning, at my desk, endeavouring to drive away uneasy thoughts, by writing to some of my correspondents at Mexico, I was informed, by one of my servants, that Isabella wished, with the greatest earnestness, to see me.

I WENT

I WENT to her chamber immediately.

To my extreme surprize, I found her evidently at the point of death, and in a dreadful condition.

To my extreme surprize, I say, because I had left her the evening before without any signs of illness, though deeply oppressed with melancholy; for which I should have greatly pitied her, had not my reflections, at the same time, on what had passed so highly provoked me as to make her chamber her prison, excluded compassion.

SHE had drank poison soon after my departure from her, and the operation of it occasioned the agonies in which I beheld her.

AFTER having acquainted me with what she had done, in order, she said,
to

to remove herself from a world in which she lived in misery, which became insupportable, she conjured me, by every thing sacred, to pardon her for having, by a train of indiscretions, roused my resentment against her, and against you. Antonio, added she with difficulty, was in no shape to blame; I only was in fault. A sudden prepossession in his favour urged me to make overtures to him, injurious to my husband; but all my efforts to seduce him were ineffectual: and I can with the strictest truth affirm, that he was struggling to tear himself from me, at the very moment when you, unexpectedly coming into the room, hastily supposed that we had been criminally engaged.—I am dying in a dreadful way: do not increase the tortures of my last moments, by withholding your forgiveness from me.—Pardon me, and believe me, when I, in the most solemn manner, assure

sure you, that I die—your faithful wife.

THIS speech was uttered with frequent interruptions, and made a deep impression upon my mind: my heart was instantly melted. I threw myself on my knees by the side of her bed, and, in that posture, watering the hand which she stretched out to me with my tears, pronounced the requested pardon, though I was hardly able to articulate it.

SHE expressed the satisfaction she felt by a look which pierced my soul. She strove to speak, but in vain. Convulsions immediately distorted her face, and she expired with a groan which shook my whole frame.

SUCH was the end of poor Isabella. I lament her death sincerely, because I am convinced, from her dying words—and
dying

dying words are surely to be credited—that she sincerely repented of having indulged a passion, which was not to be gratified but at the expence of her own honour as well as mine. Her penitence, indeed, might possibly have been occasioned by the prudent resistance which you made to her improper advances; but—she is dead; and I will not too nicely enquire into the cause of her repentance.

I LONG, my dear Antonio, to fold you in my arms, and to call you again my friend.

From Cadiz.

LET.

L E T T E R CXVI.

DON LORENZO DE CASTRO to DON ANTONIO DE SANCHEZ at Madrid.

YOUR three successive letters, my dear Antonio, are now lying before me. I am very sorry to inform you, that I cannot send you any intelligence about your charming fugitive.

I HAVE made all the enquiries after her in my power, but without the least success. I have conversed with every captain here who is going to New Spain, but my conversations with them have not produced the wished-for discovery. However, I will be as vigilant as possible in your service, and you may depend upon my transmitting the first information of any conse-

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I

quence

quence to you with the utmost expedition.

LEONARDO is inconsolable for the loss of Isabella, though his jealousy on your account had made him lock her up. She died in a very shocking manner, after having, unable to support her confinement any longer, poisoned herself.

From Cadiz.

LET-

LETTER CXVII.

ITZUCAN to AMEXIS at London.

THOU givest me great pleasure, my dear Amexis, by telling me that thou also wilt write to Xeris. May our united endeavours to move her heart be successful! We shall, at least, as thou justly observeest, be happy with the consciousness of having discovered our good intentions.

THY *old woman* is a very entertaining companion to thy *old man*. My collection of *characters* is much improved by the addition of two such originals.

I HAVE often heard it said, since I came to France, that England contains more odd characters than any country in

the world: but surely the French, when they make such an assertion, forget their own. There are, in truth, odd characters in all nations; in other words, persons who carry their singularities about with them wherever they go, and give way to the indulgence of their peculiar humours without troubling themselves whether they are agreeable or disagreeable, by that indulgence, to those with whom they converse.

I HAVE met with several persons of this turn since my arrival, and in this city too, which is called, by every Frenchman, the *centre of politeness*, whose singularities have been greatly offensive to me.

VANITY seems to be the ruling passion among the French in general, but there are some who are stimulated by their excessive partiality to them-

themselves, to appear remarkably ridiculous.

I WAS a few days ago upon a party with Don Ferdinando, and several Spanish persons of distinction, to see the magnificent palace of a count, descended from a famous captain who had fought many battles against the enemies of his country, and gained as many victories.

THE count himself was not at home, but a relation of his very politely conducted us all over the house and gardens. He was, however, in my opinion, guilty of the greatest unpoliteness, from the violent operation of his national prejudices, before the conclusion of our visit.

ON our coming into a room adorned with a great many military pictures, our conductor, overflowing with partiality to

the memory of his victorious ancestor, who was the principal figure in every picture, launched out in his praise with the utmost extravagance of language. Surely he had never heard of those Mexican chiefs who nobly, though in vain, opposed the arms of their bold and bloody invaders.

THE partial Frenchman, not contented with the gratifications of his vanity by his pompous panegyrics, as they were not echoed by his *Spanish* hearers, turned about briskly to Don Ferdinando, after having pointed out a particular battle-piece to his attention, and asked him, with an air of triumph, if the *marshal*, to whom he had the honour to be related, was not the greatest general in the world.

DON Ferdinando immediately replied—Have you ever read the history of Spain ?

THE

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THE Frenchman, not in the least disconcerted by that answer, said, with very self-sufficient looks, that he was perfectly satisfied with the history of France.

I HAVE, in a * former letter, taken notice of the national vanity of the French; and may, perhaps, in some future letters give thee more instances of it. In the mean time, I cannot help declaring, that I think excessive vanity and true politeness are incompatible.

From Paris.

* See letter LXV.

LETTER CXVIII.

ELVIRA to ZULIMA at Marseilles.

DRIVE away jealousy from thy mind, Elvira; on no account let Beaumont see that you have any doubts concerning his constancy. Those were the concluding words of your last letter: a most friendly one, I acknowledge, and I sincerely wish that I could receive any benefit from the salutary advice which it contains.

You cannot blame me more, my dear Zulima, than I blame myself for complaining of my situation. I ought to be the happiest of my sex, as I have a husband who is indefatigably studious to render me so.

To

To make myself uneasy, because Mr. Beaumont behaves with common civility to other women is, certainly, to merit your severest reproofs; and yet, you will, I believe, cease to wonder at my anxieties—my tortures I may call them: (for I have very little rest night or day) by a careful examination of your own heart. You have, indeed, almost confessed, that you should feel precisely as I feel, if you was married to the man whom you prefer to every other man in the world: if you was married to Amexis.

THERE is no reasoning about the motions of the heart. Reflection and sensation are extremely different. To say “I will not suffer these disquiets to rob me of my peace, because I am convinced that there is no foundation for them,” is to say nothing to the purpose.

It is impossible for me to tell you how much pain I endure by striving not to let Beaumont see that I suspect his constancy. To appear with a smiling face, when a sharp thorn pierces your breast at the same time, is, you must own, to do considerable violence to your features.

As you look upon the union with Amexis as the consummation of your felicity, I wish ardently, as your friend, that you may be united to him. As a friend too, I wish, with equal ardour, that you may never, after your marriage with him, experience the misery of your Elvira, the acuteness of which is inexpressibly increased by her strong efforts to conceal it.

IF I suffer so much without being able to charge Beaumont with a breach of his marriage vows, what would my sufferings

sufferings be if a capital infringement of them was unquestionable?—I tremble to think of such an event.

From Lyons.



LETTER CXIX.

ANTONIO to LEONARDO at Cadiz.

POOOR Isabella! I lament the deceased wife: I pity the surviving husband. The manner in which—but I will not—I need not, recal the melancholy scene to your memory. It is the part of friendship not to revive griefs, but to sooth them. I will hasten to administer all the consolation in my power to you, as soon as I am recovered from the severest disappointment I ever met:

I 6.

with

with in my life. The beautiful Mexican, on whom I doated to distraction, availed herself of my absence from Madrid for a few days, removed from my house, and I have not yet been able, by the most active enquiries, to learn the least intelligence concerning her. My disappointment is the more galling, as I fully expected, from the softness of her behaviour, on my departure from her, to find her all compliance at my return. She had often, indeed, solemnly declared, that she never would be false to her Mexican husband; but, as she evidently appeared to be touched with my continued intreaties to crown my wishes, I flattered myself, that her love for me, which she strove, but in vain, to conceal, would have conquered all her scruples. By her flight she has proved her fidelity to her husband; but I will venture to affirm, from the manner in which she behaved to me when I took leave

leave of her, that she feels, wherever she is, many painful sensations for the sacrifice which she has made—a laudable sacrifice indeed!—to conjugal duty. By confessing that she had a tender passion for me—not with her lips, but with her eyes, she gave me the greatest encouragement to imagine that every difficulty which retarded the completion of my happiness would be surmounted: by her desertion, she has made me supremely wretched: and yet, while I rave against her for flying from me, I adore her for her flight. Her behaviour has been heroic, but it has destroyed my peace.

WHAT strange inconsistent creatures are we? How little are the operations of the human heart to be accounted for by the reasonings of the human head!

I REPEAT what I said in the beginning of my letter: as soon as I am recovered
from

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from the severest disappointment I ever felt in my life, I will hasten to administer all the consolation to you in my power.

From Madrid.



LETTER CXX.

ZAYDE to ZULIMA at Marseilles.

THY letter was truly a letter of comfort, my dear Zulima; it is natural to extract comfort from our afflictions, by comparing ourselves with those who are plunged into more distressful situations; but is not the satisfaction which we enjoy, upon the comparison, a melancholy, a cruel one?

THOU

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THOU sayest that thou art glad to find me released from my prison at ****. I am truly glad myself: my prison here is supportable; that from which I was released, was not to be endured. I enjoy here the society of a man whom I love, whom I have reason to love; I was there obliged to bear the conversation of a man whom I loathed, who was the object of my abhorrence.

I KNOW not how I should feel if my lover was denied admission to me: I only know that I am as happy as I can be under my confinement, which is the more tolerable, as a peace between England and France is much talked of, and also much expected.

THY account of the lady at Brest affected me to tears. I wept over the moving catastrophe. I placed myself in her pitiable state, pitiable beyond expression,

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pression, and could not, for a considerable time, turn my thoughts into another channel.

AMEXIS, I find, is still uppermost in thy mind: thou still sighest for him. Thou speakest about him in the strongest terms. Thou wouldst be happier, perhaps, couldst thou forget him. Thou hast very little reason, if any, to expect to see him again. Why wilt thou not listen to thy English lover, who, by his generous and friendly, his respectful and tender behaviour, not only deserves all thy attention, but a great deal of thy regard. Thou * hast owned, that if thou never hadst seen Amexis, thou shouldst have fixed thy affections on this man. Thy determination not to wed a stranger, and to settle in no other country but that of thy father's, is too hasty: recall thy precipitate resolution, give

* See letter LIII.

thy

thy hand to Sydenham, and accompany him to England. Thou wilt find in England accommodations of all kinds sufficient to prevent thy wishing to return to the country of thy fathers. Shouldst thou by chance meet Amexis there, how wilt thou rejoice. Thou hast been in Spain, and thou art in France, without having heard of Amexis. Perhaps thou mayst find him, or at least hear of him in England. Shouldst thou find him there, how great will be thy joy! If thou makest such a discovery, I shall not think of blaming thee if thou leavest thy English lover; thy Mexican lover will then justly claim all thy attention.

From Gibraltar.

LET-

LETTER CXXI.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

GREAT is the vanity of the people with whom thou art at present, and I am of opinion with thee, that those who are vain to excess can never be truly polite..

WELL did Don Ferdinando answer the boasting and prejudiced Frenchman, by asking him if he had read the history of Spain. There have been, and there are many brave men among the Spaniards, fairly entitled to the compliment of military heroism. All nations have produced valiant men, and it would be the highest injustice to detract from the valour even of those who draw their swords at the command of avarice and ambition,

ambition, and become heroes at the expence of their humanity.

GREAT is the vanity of the French; but the French are not the only vain people in Europe: there is much vanity in England. The English are as vain of their *Marlborough* as the French can possibly be of their *Turenne*; and when they make rejoicings for a victory over their enemies, they are too apt to discover a giddiness of disposition. Their exultations are the exultations of levity, uncorrected by the sober remonstrances of discretion. They have a whimsical way of shewing their joy of a night when they have heard a piece of good news; they light up the outsides of their houses, and are so unreasonable as to expect even those to put candles into their windows who have, with the same good news, been acquainted with domestic losses never to be repaired.

ALL

ALL nations have their vanities and their vices, their follies and their absurdities. The vices of the English excite my pity ; their follies provoke my laughter.—However, I must own, that if I was not a Mexican, I should chuse to spend the remainder of my life in England, where I have received civilities which I can never repay. But the place of my birth has more charms for *me* than any other place in the world.—Could I hear of Zulima!—I cannot proceed.

From London.

L E T.

LETTER CXXII.

ZULIMA to ZAYDE at Gibraltar.

A MEXIS, as thou justly sayest, is still uppermost in my mind; he is ever in my thoughts. Sydenham has much more merit than I can possibly reward, but he is not Amexis. I often tell him that I am under obligations to him which I can never repay: he as often replies, sighing, that it is in my power to cancel them all by complying with the wishes of his heart. I cannot comply with the wishes of *his* heart, because mine is not at my own disposal. Amexis is the sole master of it, and the hopes of seeing *him* again are sufficient to keep that passion alive in my bosom which he first kindled in it.

THOU

THOU accusest me of being too hasty in my determination not to wed a stranger, and to settle in no other country but that of my fathers : I cannot change my resolution, it is immoveable. I feel my attachment to the place in which I was born and educated, and in which Amexis first won my affections, strengthened every day.

SYDENHAM presses me continually to go with him to England, assuring me that I shall be received in the kindest manner by some of his near relations there, who are impatient to see him, and promising, at the same time, to be contented with my friendship, if I am unable to make him the happiest of men with my love. There is a chance, indeed, for my hearing intelligence about Amexis in England, after all my unsuccessful enquiries in other parts of Europe. I will think of my removal from
hence.

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hence. I have heard Amexis speak of England in the highest terms. Should we meet there—I dare not flatter myself with such an expectation.

From Marfeilles.



LETTER CXXIII.

ANTONIO to LORENZO at Cadiz.

STILL am I upon the rack of uncertainty concerning Xeris. Are you sure that you have made all possible enquiries about her? I am almost distracted. Leonardo urges me to come and give him consolation: I want consolation myself too much to think of administering it to others: I love, I honour, I pity Leonardo, but I cannot, in the present state of my mind, comply with his pressing intreaties. What
7 piercing

piercing disquiets are those doomed to feel who are under the tyrannical dominion of love? I now wish—how often do I wish!—that I had never discovered the sex of my page, since the discovery of it has proved so fatal to my peace. As a boy, she made me love her by her faithful attachment to me; as a woman, she increased my love, doubly increased it by appearing to feel tender sensations in my favour; but her faithful attachment to her husband would not suffer her to gratify them.—She loved me—she certainly loved me—she could not bear the perpetual struggles between love and honour, and, therefore, fled from me. And how can I blame her for acting in so meritorious a manner? I ought not to blame her for acting in that manner, but I *must* say that she has, by flying from me, in order to preserve her honour, rendered me the most unhappy of beings. If I do not hear some intelligence about

Xeris

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Xeris soon I shall be driven to despair.
To him who is abandoned to despair,
existence is a curse.

From Madrid.



LETTER CXXIV.

ZULMA to ELVIRA at Lyons.

IT grieves me exceedingly, my dear Elvira, to find that thou art still tormented with doubts concerning the fidelity of thy husband, and I sincerely wish that I could remove every pain by which thy peace is destroyed.

I FEEL, I confess, the justness of thy observation about the motions of the heart: I am thoroughly sensible that there is a wide difference between the

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K

heart

heart and and the head, between the reasonings of the one, and the sensations of the other. Experimentally do I know, that the fears occasioned by love are not to be dispelled by our reflecting upon the absurdity of them. I shall not, therefore, make any new attempts to reason thee out of thy disturbing apprehensions, but I, every moment, hope to hear that thou art no longer molested by them.

THY wishes on my account are most friendly, and they give me the greatest satisfaction, as I am troubled with no suspicions concerning the sincerity of them. My union with Amexis will be indeed—whenever it is accomplished—the consummation of my felicity: but I am afraid that I shall never be so completely blest as to be united to him. However, as Sydenham strongly urges me to accompany him to England, and behaves

behaves to me in such a manner as to induce me to rely upon his honour, as well as his friendship; I believe I shall leave France in a short time. He has relations, he tells me, from whom I may expect the kindest reception. I think I can depend upon the truth of every word which falls from Sydenham's lips.—Perhaps I may hear in England something relating to Amexis.—Hope, flattering hope, prompts me to pay a visit to the English shore.

From Marseilles.

LETTER CXXV.

LORENZO to ANTONIO at Madrid.

I HAVE this moment read a letter from you, my dear Antonio, which alarms me greatly. By the conclusion of it, I fear that your disappointment will be attended with fatal consequences. When existence is considered as a curse by a man, he may be tempted, in a fit of desperation, to put a period to it with his own hands. I will not, however, carry my apprehensions so far with regard to you, but I shall not be perfectly easy on your account, while you suffer the flight of a woman, with whom you could not have the connections you wished for with honour, to make so deep an impression upon your mind.

XERIS, by her flight, has given thee most striking proof of her conjugal virtue,

true, as she evidently, from your description of her behaviour, was very strongly prejudiced in your favour. Such a woman is a treasure of inestimable value to her husband: and if Xeris ever can prevail on herself to return to Zamor, she will be entitled to uncommon tenderness from him. After having treated her in a manner which cannot be too severely condemned, he will be the worst of men if he does not make the best of husbands.

I SHALL be impatient to receive an answer to this letter. My sincere regard for you will not permit me to be happy while you are a stranger to felicity.

LETTER CXXVI.

ZAYDE to ZULIMA at Marseilles

I AM extremely glad, my dear Zulima, to find that Sydenham has prevailed on thee to accompany him to England. There is a chance for thy hearing of Amexis in England, but shouldst thou learn no intelligence about him, thou wilt not, I dare say, have any reason to wish that thou hadst not made the requested voyage with thy English lover. By a change of the scene, thy mind will be at least amused. If, after thy arrival, thy residence with the relations of thy lover proves agreeable, thou mayst be glad to spend the rest of thy life with them, and feel no desire to return to the *country of thy fathers*: thou mayst, perhaps too, in consequence of having made a number of fruitless enquiries after Amexis, bring thyself to wed a *stranger*;

stranger; to make Sydenham as happy as he desires to be.

I HOPE this will come to thy hands before thy departure from France. I should, indeed, were I of a selfish disposition, wish to have thee continue at Marseilles, because I have great reason to believe, that I and my Dumaine shall be able, in a short time, to make our appearance at that place; but, as I really think that thou wilt be happier, in many respects, in England, I shall rejoice to hear of thy safe arrival among the relations of thy deliverer, friend, and lover.

I ONCE more hope, that this letter will come to thy hands before thy departure from France, because I am impatient to hear from thee.

From C

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LET

LETTER CXXVII.

ITZUCAN to AMEXIS at London.

JUST before the arrival of thy last letter, Amexis, I was agreeably surprised with a visit from one of our countrywomen. I wish I could tell thee that Zulima was the person, knowing how much thou wouldst be rejoiced to hear of her, but thou wilt not, I believe, be sorry to hear that my visitor is Xeris.

On the receipt of the letter I wrote to her at Madrid, she was so transported to find a Mexican friend so much nearer to her than she expected, that she made all the haste in her power to Paris.

XERIS appeared as beautiful as ever, I was ~~re-~~entered the apartment in which brightened her ~~face~~ first smiles which ~~approach~~ to

me soon vanished, and a soft melancholy then took possession of it.

IMAGINING that the sudden gloom in her countenance proceeded from the sudden recollection of what I had mentioned in my letter to her concerning Zamor's distressful state, in consequence of his sincere repentance, I renewed my solicitations in his favour with my lips.

I READ to her Magatzin's particular account of his having delivered Xicataqua from the hands of Guoyoman; and of his having made *her* his friend, not only by the generosity of his behaviour, but by the extremity of his sufferings as a husband.

SHE listened to me with great attention. She told me, that she had not received any letter from Xicataqua upon the occasion; but added, that Zamor

K-5

had,

had, in her opinion, sufficiently atoned for his past conduct to her by the distress of his mind, occasioned by his penitence.

DELIGHTED to hear her talk in a strain so favourable to our unhappy friend, I was not sparing of my commendations.

SHE then, at my request, acquainted me with her history, from her leaving America to her departure from Madrid on the receipt of my letter. I send you inclosed a copy of her narrative: it will afford thee no small amusement. Thou wilt, while thou art reading the latter* part of it, therein view Xeris in a very advantageous light. Her trials have

* Relating to her situation with Antonio after the discovery of her sex, with which the reader has been already acquainted: in a future letter he will see in what manner she disposed of herself when she quitted Antonio's house.

been.

been severe: her behaviour has been noble and uncommon.

XERIS has not received thy letter, but she desires to be remembered to thee.



LETTER CXXVIII.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

MY heart fluttered when thou toldst me, at the opening of thy letter, that thou hadst been agreeably surpris'd by a visit from one of our countrywomen: I expected to hear of Zulima's arrival: I was disappointed. I am glad, however, that Xeris is with thee; still more glad to find that she is affected by Zamor's distresses in the manner we wished. Her history is every where interesting; in many places, moving. When Zamor is informed of her sufferings, and exam-

plary conduct, he will long, with redoubled ardour, for her return, if he will determine, with redoubled resolution, to deserve it.

ALONZO, my patron, my benefactor, my friend; Alonzo, to whom I am now only bound by the chains of gratitude, begins to think of going to Spain. He has, thou knowest, been at liberty for some time * to go wherever he pleases. Our continuance here will be short, I believe: I shall leave England with some regret, but the hopes of seeing thee at Paris will make me quit the English shore with less reluctance. Could I bring Zulima with me, my happiness would be complete!

TELL Xeris how rejoiced I am to hear of her arrival at Paris: tell her how I rejoice to hear of her desiring to return to

* See letter LXXXI.

Mexico,

Mexico, and to snatch Zamor from the gulph of despair; from the jaws of death.



LETTER CXXIX.

ANTONIO to LORENZO at Cadiz.

YOU are too hastily, and unreasonably alarmed about me, my dear Lorenzo. The conclusion of my last letter was, I grant, dictated by despair; but while I felt, during the motion of my pen, like a *man*, I did not forget that I was a *christian*. My religious principles will effectually, I trust, preserve me from the guilt of suicide; but I will freely confess, that I have been under strong temptations to be my own executioner: temptations which those principles alone could have enabled me to resist.

THE

THE sudden flight of Xeris gave so great a shock to my spirits, that I certainly felt myself weary of my existence: when I discovered the place to which she had flown, after her removal from it, I do not know whether I should not have plunged a dagger into my heart, if a friend had not, at that moment, wrested it from my hand.

WHEN Xeris left my house, she took an apartment for herself and her servant, in the very next street to that in which I live,--(I am wild, at this instant, to think how near she was to me) and resided in it with a privacy which baffled all my enquiries after her in every corner of Madrid.

THIS account I had from the woman of the house with whom she lodged, who came to me one day while I was ruminating upon my cruel disappointment,

ment, and delivered the following concise note :

“ XERIS wishes health and happiness to Antonio : she will never forget the favours which she has received from him.”

As soon as I had read these few words, I asked, with the utmost eagerness, the antiquated messenger, who *looked* a *century*, how long the lady who wrote them had lodged at her house, and why she had concealed her when she knew he had applied to her in a particular manner about her.

SHE only replied, in a solemn tone, that she made it a rule never to betray those who placed a confidence in her.

At any other time I should have, perhaps, applauded her, for such a generous sentiment,

sentiment, but I was in so great a hurry to see the mistress of my soul, that I contented myself with saying, “ Well, I forgive you : and, as the lady now condescends to see me, I must desire you to conduct me to her immediately.”

IMAGINE my astonishment, imagine my extreme vexation, when the answer was—“ She went away from my house yesterday morning.”

I WAS ready to knock my intelligencer down, but curbed my resentment against *her* sufficiently to hinder myself from committing so unmanly an action. I could not, however, help asking her, pretty sharply, why she did not acquaint me sooner with the lady’s departure, that I might have pursued her.

SHE told me, that she had acted in obedience to the lady’s desires.

I THEN

I THEN insisted upon her informing me what road Xeris had taken, if it was in her power.

SHE replied, without hesitating—I am not forbidden to give Don Antonio that information. The lady is gone to Paris.

ANIMATED by that information, I prepared instantly to follow Xeris to the capital of France.

UNLUCKILY, while I was preparing to take leave of Madrid, I was seized with a fever, which the violent disturbance of my mind probably brought upon me. In a few hours, so rapid was its progress, I was confined to my bed. For several days I was in a dangerous state, but the prescriptions of an eminent physician proved successful, and I mended very fast, as soon as his medicines gave a favourable turn to my disorder. I am now able to walk about
my

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my room, but my fever has left such a weakness in my limbs, that I must not, for some time, think of a journey to Paris.

SUCH is my situation at present ; mortifying enough you will undoubtedly own ; and when I shall be placed in a more agreeable one it is impossible for me to tell you. I can only say that the moment I am able to bear the fatigue of travelling, I shall certainly convey myself, with the utmost expedition, to my charming American.

From Madrid.



LETTER CXXX.

ZULIMA to ZAYDE at Gibraltar.

I AM still at Marseilles, my dear Zayde, and the encouragement which thou givest

givest me to hope that I shall see thee soon at this place will induce me to persuade Sydenham to postpone his voyage to England. I cannot, with pleasure, think of leaving this town while I am animated by that encouragement. When thou comest here I shall, most probably, give up the English voyage entirely, in opposition to all the intreaties of my English lover, unless thou wilt accompany me.—With thy society I shall be as happy as I *can* be in my state of painful uncertainty with regard to Amexis.

SYDENHAM is at the door of my apartment. He begs to speak with me so earnestly, and apologizes for interrupting me with so much politeness, that I must lay down my pen.

SYDENHAM's business was to inform me, that by the death of one of his relations in England, of which he had just then

then received an account, a considerable fortune came into his possession.—He therefore intreated me, with additional earnestness, to make immediate preparations for my departure from France.

I TOLD him that I was very glad to hear of his good fortune, but I told him at the same time that as I expected to see thee soon at Marseilles, I could not think of leaving it immediately. However, perceiving him look greatly dejected at my answer, I added, with a smile, that on thy arrival I would certainly endeavour to persuade thee to accompany me to England.

HE was not at all satisfied with that reply.—If I leave you behind me here, said he, to wait for the arrival of your friend from Gibraltar, I shall despair of seeing you in England.—Your attachment *to her* will tie you to the country
in

in which you expect to see her happily settled, and nothing will be able to draw you from it but the certainty of meeting with Amexis in another kingdom.

I could not help acknowledging the justness of his apprehensions, but I was not moved by all his arguments and intreaties to go on board the ship which was ready, he said, to sail to England. I told him, with an additional firmness, that I had entirely changed my mind about the English voyage; and that I did not chuse to quit a country in which I had so near a prospect of being as happy as I could possibly be, without the society of the man from whom I had been so long unfortunately separated. “When Zayde arrives, continued I, her friendly behaviour and conversation will greatly tend to alleviate the uneasiness which I am destined to endure on my dear American’s account.”

HERE I stopped. He sighed, wrung his hands, and replied—"If this is your fixed resolution, lovely Zulima, I shall be inexpressibly unhappy. I am under a necessity of going to England—the business which calls me thither cannot be transacted without my actual appearance. I must go, and I must be wretched, if you deny me the transporting satisfaction resulting from your company.

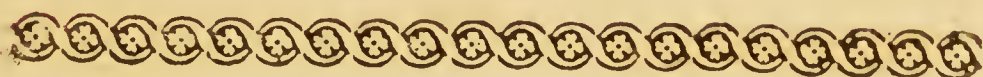
I TOLD him that I did not wish to make him wretched, as he had proved himself so sincerely my friend, but I assured him that my resolution was immovable.

THUS ended a conversation between us, the conclusion of which pained me to the heart. I pitied poor Sydenham, but I loved my dear Zayde too well to let my compassion for him alter my designs.

WISHING

WISHING thee a safe and pleasant voyage to this place when thou leavest Gibraltar, I wait with the utmost impatience for thy arrival.

From Marseilles.



LETTER CXXXI.

ITZUCAN to AMEXIS at London.

THOU didst not disappoint me*, Amexis, by telling me that thy heart fluttered at the opening of my letter, written to acquaint thee with the arrival of Xeris.—Thy emotions were natural. I sincerely wish that I could acquaint thee with the arrival of Zulima here: I sincerely wish that thou couldst give *me* any information concerning her.

THOU

* See Letter CI.

THOU makest me happy with what thou sayest about the intended departure of Alonzo from London. I shall rejoice to see thee at Paris. Xeris too will rejoice to see thee. She has received thy letter, and is swayed by the contents of it.

XERIS becomes every day more and more reconciled to Zamor, but more and more impatient to hear from her friend Xicataqua. Magatzin's long letter, of which I sent thee a * copy some time ago, and which she frequently reads, has whetted her curiosity to see what her friend writes in her husband's favour.

XERIS is admired every where for the beauty of her person, but more for the propriety of her behaviour. It is very different, and most commendably so, in my

* See Let. CI.

opinion

opinion, from that of the generality of French women, who seem to think that it is absolutely necessary to be ridiculous in order to be alluring. They are not contented with the charms which nature has bestowed upon them, they take a great deal of pains to improve them by art; but while they endeavour to improve them, they utterly destroy them.

THOU wouldst be pleased to hear Xeris deliver her sentiments about the married women here. They often make her express herself very warmly against them, by their infidelities: nor is her resentment less keen against the married men, as they by their own careless or criminal conduct give the greatest encouragement to their wives to be inconstant.

XERIS being no *coquette* (I explained the meaning of this word in a former letter *)—cannot bear the coquet-

* See Letter LXXVI.

tish carriage of almost every woman at Paris: and she severely condemns the gallantry carried on between the two sexes, because there appears, to her, as much folly as vice in it. Faithful herself, faithful even to the man who behaved to her in a manner sufficient to drive her to the last extremities, she looks upon every wife who is false to her husband in a despicable as well as a dishonourable light.

AGAIN I say, thou makest me happy with what thou sayest about the intended departure of Alonzo from London. I shall rejoice to see thee at Paris. Xeris too will rejoice to see thee.



LETTER CXXXII.

ZULIMA to ZAYDE at Gibraltar.

SYDENHAM has left Marseilles; he left me with the utmost reluctance,
and

and begged my permission to write to me from England.

I VERY readily complied with his request: I told him that I should ever acknowledge myself under the greatest obligations to him, and that I should always feel a sincere regard for the man who had been so truly a friend to me, assuring him at the same time that I would, as soon as I could prevail on you to accompany me, pay a visit to him, with pleasure, in his native country. I could not help weeping when we parted, and I saw the tears trembling in *his* eyes when he tore himself away from *me*.

I AM now in a condition exceedingly disagreeable.—I have only my own thoughts for my companions. Sydenham, by his entertaining conversation, and by the delicacy of his address, frequently cheered those hours which would

have been, without his society, devoted to melancholy. I have now nothing to do but to think of Amexis, and to think of thee.—My thoughts concerning him are very disquieting indeed, because I have no hopes of seeing him again; my thoughts concerning thee are less so, because I have hopes of being soon blest with thy company; but a thousand fears, on thy account, are mingled with my hopes.

From Marseilles.



LETTER CXXXIII.

LORENZO to ANTONIO at Madrid.

YOUR situation, my dear Antonio, is, I confess, mortifying enough; and yet I think you may draw a considerable deal of satisfaction from the discovery

covery you have made. You must surely be more easy in your mind by knowing where Xeris is, than you was while you remained in a state of total uncertainty about her.

I DO not in the least wonder that the agitation of your mind, even after the above-mentioned discovery, threw you into a fever. There is so strong a connection between the mind and the body, that the one is seldom very much out of order without injuring the other; they generally suffer together.

I AM exceedingly glad to find that you are in a mending way, and I hope that, when you answer this letter—pray answer it speedily—you will be, in every respect, in a more desirable condition.

LEONARDO cannot get over the shock which the dreadful death of Isabella gave to his spirits. The melancholy which

preys upon his mind will, I am afraid, baffle all the arts of physic and of friendship, and render them insufficient to remove it. He is no longer the chearful companion I ever knew him. Leonardo was never addicted to excessive mirth, but his conversation was always entertaining, and he had always the pleasure to see every man, with whom he conversed, pleased with his society. I write about Leonardo, you will tell me, as if he was a dead man; he is, though not literally, metaphorically dead; he is dead to the world, dead to his friends.—I cannot say that he has any lively intervals, but he is not equally dejected. He often enquires after *you*, and his enquiries are particularly urgent. He presses, he importunes me to inform him where you are, what you are doing, and what prevents you from writing to him, or from coming to see him.

From Cadiz.

LET.

LETTER CXXXIV.

ZAYDE to ZULIMA at Marseilles.

I NDEED, my dear Zulima, I must chide thee for letting Sydenham leave France without thee, though thou tellest me that thou stayest at Marseilles on *my* account. It is very certain that I shall be sincerely glad to see thee when I arrive at the place from which thou datest thy most friendly letter, but as I think that thou wouldst have been agreeably situated with Sydenham and his relations, in many respects, in England, I wish, in opposition to my own inclination, that thou hadst not sent him away by himself. With regard to thy enquiries after Amexis, thou hast hitherto, I grant, been unsuccessful: in England, perhaps, in a new country, thou mightest have heard some intelligence con-

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cerning him. However, since thou hast chosen to stay in France, I will not advise thee to follow Sydenham without being attended with a proper companion; but I dare say I shall do every thing in my power, on my arrival at Marseilles, to persuade Dumaine to carry *us* to England, unless thou hast received any letter previous to my arrival, to make thee still more resolved not to comply with Sydenham's solicitations.

From Gibraltar.



LETTER CXXXV.

From the same to the same.

DUMAINE, who rises in my esteem every hour, has desired me to make immediate preparations for my departure from Gibraltar. We shall sail
with

with most of the people with whom we came from ****.

ABRA, whom my lover took under his care for my sake, as she had been instrumental in procuring my release, has behaved in the most ungrateful manner to us both. Thou mayest be assured, therefore, I am not sorry to find that she is not to be of our party to France. An English officer, being struck with her beauty—Abra is, I must confess, handsome—has taken her under *his* care, and she seems to be very well satisfied with her new protector. My *Selim* never gave her any encouragement in the way she undoubtedly expected; her ingratitude is consequently to be imputed to her disappointed love.—This letter will, probably, be the last from this place.

From Gibraltar.

LETTER CXXXVI.

ELVIRA to ZULIMA at Marseilles.

THOUGH I think, my dear Zulima, that you have many inducements to accompany your lover to England, I cannot help wishing you rather to make a journey to *me*, than a voyage to *his* relations: you will certainly meet with as kind a reception from Beaumont and me, as you can possibly expect from them: however, I am not of so selfish a disposition as to desire you to contribute to *my* felicity, at the expence of your own; but I *must* say that your coming hither would make me inexpressibly happy. I am, at present, indeed happier than I ever was in my life, but I should be still more so with the addition of your society.

You will be rather surpris'd, perhaps, but you will surely be pleas'd to find
such

such a change in my style. The truth is, I am now perfectly satisfied with my dear Beaumont's behaviour.

I TOLD you in my last * that I had very little rest night and day : I wrote quite agreeably to my feelings ; I was exceedingly miserable, striving to conceal my suspicions from the amiable man, who was unknowingly the cause of them. Often did he urge me, with the tenderest importunities, to inform him whether he had said or done any thing to occasion the melancholy which was stamped upon my countenance ; as often was I prevented by shame from discovering the true situation of my mind.

YESTERDAY morning, however, Beaumont finding me in tears, and hearing me sob as if my heart was ready to burst, took me in his arms, embraced me in

* See Letter CXVI.

the most affectionate manner, and tenderly insisted upon being acquainted with the cause of my affliction, for which he could not, he added, in any way account. After many refusals, I, at last, opened my heart to him, and exposed all its weaknesses.

TRANSPORTED to find that I had only been tormenting myself with a train of unnecessary apprehensions, he folded me in his fond arms a second time, almost stifled me with his endearments, and conjured me not to suffer any doubts concerning his constancy to give me a momentary disquiet.—Equally transported with *his* very kind behaviour, I endeavoured to convince him by *mine* that there could be no addition to the happiness which I at that instant felt.

You give me the greatest happiness imaginable, my dearest Elvira, replied he, with an animated pressure of my
2
hand,

hand, and I sincerely hope that you will not, for the future, permit any unreasonable fears to destroy your peace.— And now, continued he with a smile, inconceivably bewitching, do tell me, my charming Elvira, to whom, of all your female acquaintance, you fancied I was most attached.

HAVING named the lady who had been, I imagined, particularly distinguished by him, he exclaimed, with looks of astonishment, How could you be alarmed about *her*? No, my dear Elvira, were I—but that's impossible—were I capable of being false to you, Leonora would be the last woman in the world to engage my attention. She has some pretensions to beauty, I will allow; but if her personal charms were as brilliant as my Elvira's, her affectation would spoil them all.

I WANT

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I WANT words, my amiable friend, to tell you how much heart-felt satisfaction the above-mentioned interview has afforded me. I am altogether a new creature. I wonder at myself for having so long injured the best of husbands, by the most unjust suspicions.

WHENEVER you leave France, you will, I hope, have a pleasant voyage to England. I have no doubts concerning your reception *there*; but I certainly wish you the warmest reception *here*.

From Lyons.



LETTER CXXXVII.

ITZUCAN to AMEXIS at London.

XERIS is still in a state of anxiety, occasioned by her impatience to hear from Zicataqua.—Women, thou knowest,

knowest, Amexis, are commonly impatient, but surely Xeris may be excused for being so : I will also add that thou art not to be blamed for wishing, with impatience, to hear of thy Zulima. Were I in thy situation, I should, it is most likely, experience thy feelings. I have never, indeed, had any tender attachment to any woman, but I can sympathize with thee ; and it would give the highest satisfaction to be able to send thee the least intelligence relating to the mistress of thy heart.

I EXPECTED a letter from thee last post ; I was disappointed ; but I soon got over my disappointment, by considering that thou mightest have been too much employed in preparing to leave England, to write even to thy friend. I shall be glad to hear thee, in my next, attribute thy silence to thy preparations.

XERIS

XERIS wishes to see me immediately. I will finish my letter when I return from her.

WHEN I went to the apartment of Xeris I found her in tears. She said nothing to me, but gave me a letter to read. It was from Xicataqua, and contained an account of Zamor's very distressful situation, of the misery of his mind, and of his declining health, in consequence of his sincere contrition.— I was not sorry to behold Xeris so much affected by it, thinking that it would serve to strengthen her resolution to return to her penitent and inconsolable husband.

WHEN I had read Xicataqua's letter, Xeris gave me another from Magatzin; it was short, but to the purpose. She then put a third letter into my hand; *that* came from Don Antonio, and contained

tained many apologies from him for having been obliged, confined by the remains of a fever, to send her American packet to her, instead of bringing it to her in person, agreeable to his wishes.

SHE sighed a little when I mention Antonio as an object deserving of her esteem and compassion; but her resolution to return to Zamor is certainly strengthened by her letter from Yucatan.

THY arrival at Paris will give great pleasure to Xeris and to me.

From Paris.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

DON ANTONIO DE SANCHEZ to XERIS,
at Paris.

(In which those mentioned in the foregoing one were inclosed.)

AS soon as I was informed, amiable Xeris, by the woman with whom
you

you lodged, (cruelly concealing yourself from *me*) of your departure from Madrid, and of the road you had taken, I determined to follow you to France, and began to make preparations for my pursuit ; but I was seized with a fever before I could execute my designs, and compelled to give up all thoughts of it at that time. For several days I continued in a dangerous situation.—I recovered so far as to be able to leave my bed, and to walk about my room, but I am still too feeble to bear the fatigue of travelling.

YESTERDAY, amiable Xeris, the inclosed packet, from New Spain, was brought for you to my house.—I have many apologies to make to you for not coming to Paris with it myself, but I am not in a condition, at present, to act agreeably to my wishes.

You fled from me, unkind Xeris, because I loved you, and you was afraid,
perhaps,

perhaps, that I would have taken a dishonourable advantage of the prejudices you discovered in my favour, if you had remained with me.—I doated on you indeed to distraction, but, if I know myself, I never should have gratified my ardent passion for you by any unfair proceedings. If you will return to me, and indulge me with your friendship, (surely I have done nothing to merit the loss of your friendship) you will make me as happy as I can possibly be without the possession of your invaluable heart.



LETTER CXXXIX.

XERIS to DON ANTONIO DE SANCHEZ,
at Madrid.

I TOLD Antonio, in a note which I desired the faithful woman with whom I lodged

I lodged at Madrid to deliver to him on the day after my departure, that I should never forget the favours I had received from him.—I am very ready to repeat my words. I am under obligations to him never to be forgotten.

XERIS fled from Antonio, not because she was apprehensive of any unfair proceedings on his side, but because she was apprehensive of indiscreet proceedings on her own.

XERIS, having entirely forgiven her husband for all his unkind and cruel behaviour, is determined to return to him. Zamor has sufficiently atoned for his past conduct by his present sufferings in body and mind, and Xeris would be the most undeserving of women, if she suffered the slightest spark of resentment to detain her from his affectionate and penitential arms.

XERIS.

XERIS wishes now for nothing so much as to return to America, to return to Zamor.—If she should, in consequence of any of her connections at Paris, make another visit to Madrid, before she sets sail for New Spain, she will pay her last grateful acknowledgments to Antonio with the highest pleasure.



LETTER CXL.

ELVIRA to ZULIMA at Marseilles.

WHEN I wrote my last letter I was the happiest of women; I am now the most miserable of my sex.

HAD I not all the reason in the world to believe, from his excessive kindness, after I had acquainted him with the real cause of my uneasiness, that Beaumont was the best, the most faithful of husbands?

bands? How greatly was I mistaken when I reckoned upon his goodness and fidelity, from the affectionate warmth of his behaviour to me?

THE very woman I named to Beaumont, as the woman whom I thought particularly distinguished by him, has alienated his affections from me. Beaumont is now criminally attached to Leonora. What a finished hypocrite!

SOON after the interview, of which I have given you a circumstantial account,* I overheard Beaumont and Leonora laughing immoderately below stairs, while I was putting on my cap in my dressing-room.

I DID not, I can truly say, harbour any suspicion injurious to the man who had so lately declared himself inviolably attached *to me* alone, but curiosity strong-

* See letter LXXXV.

ly prompted me to steal down stairs, in order to find out what they laughed at.

CREEPING softly to an adjoining apartment, I concealed myself in a large light closet, and listened with the most greedy attention.

IMAGINE my surprize, conceive my vexation, to hear them both laughing *at me*, and to behold them soon afterwards in very improper attitudes.—What I heard was sufficiently mortifying; what I saw was insupportable.

I RUSHED out of the closet, and hurried to the room in which my faithless husband, and my false friend,—for Leonora always pretended to have a violent friendship for me, were criminally engaged.

THEY both started at my sudden and unexpected appearance, and endeavoured

ed to recover themselves immediately ; but the embarrassment which my abrupt entrance had occasioned, plainly pronounced their guilt. It is, I know, the fashion in France to call the most criminal proceedings between the two sexes *only* indiscretions ; but I shall ever look upon the woman who seduces a man from his wife, as guilty of something more than an *indiscretion*.

My behaviour upon the provoking occasion was not, perhaps, strictly discreet, but I could not suppress my resentment ; it urged me, irresistably, to reproach Mr. Beaumont in the keenest terms, for having so grossly, and in the most contemptible manner, under the mask of hypocrisy, affronted me.

I VENTED my reproaches with all the spirit of an injured wife, but I now charge myself with not having acted like
a pru-

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a prudent one. I now wish I had left the place in which I made the unwelcome discovery in silence: I wish I had buried *that* discovery in the bottom of my breast. I have paid dearly for the gratification of my curiosity, and of my resentment: I am the most miserable of women.—I cannot proceed—tears bedimming my eyes will not suffer me.



LETTER CXLI.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

I AM truly glad to hear that Xeris has at last received the letter which she has for some time expected from her Yucatan friend: still more glad am I to find that the contents of Xicataqua's letter have contributed to strengthen her resolution to return to Zamor. It would give me a satisfaction which I cannot ex-

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M

press,

press, to see the first meeting between them, after so long a separation.

I AM sorry that I have disappointed thee by not writing before; thou impute my silence to the right cause, not to any failure of my friendship, but to the business which naturally falls to the share of those who are on the point of removing themselves from one country to another.

I SHALL, with real pleasure, behold thy benevolent countenance, my worthy friend; but I shall not, I dare say, from thy account of the French, be tempted to fix my residence with them. To speak the truth, Itzucan, I am so weary of making enquiries after Zulima, that I do not think any country visited by the sun will prove agreeable to me: I am weary of almost every thing in the world, most weary of myself; yet I cannot help feeling a strong desire to return to that spot

spot which gave me birth. I have no encouragement to believe I shall hear of Zulima on my return to Mexico; but to Mexico, however, I wish to return.

From London.



LETTER CXLII.

From the same to the same.

THE conclusion of my last letter, my dear friend, was written with the melancholy pen of *Despair*; the beginning of this is written with the animating pen of *Hope*.

ALONZO, when he came home last night, having supped with an eminent Spanish merchant, told me he had heard a piece of news which might, perhaps, afford me some consolation in the midst of my uneasiness on Zulima's account. He told me he had met with a French

M 2 gentleman

gentleman lately arrived from Marseilles, who informed the company, during the course of the evening, that a beautiful *Mexican* lady there had made all his pretty countrywomen wild with envy, as she never appeared in public without being exceedingly admired by every man who saw her.

I was suddenly enlivened by Alonzo's intelligence, and asked him, hastily, if the French gentleman had mentioned her name.—Alonzo replied, that the gentleman called her Selima; but perhaps, added he, perceiving no doubt an immediate alteration in my face, he has made a mistake; perhaps there is a friend with her of that name: mistakes of this kind are natural, and not uncommon.

PROMPTED by *hope*, I was very well disposed to believe that Zulima, *my* Zulima, was the beautiful Mexican who
had

had occasioned so much envy among the ladies at Marseilles.

From London.



LETTER CXLIII.

From the same to the same.

I AM the happiest of men: the beautiful Mexican at Marseilles is Zulima, is *my* Zulima, the sole mistress, the lovely idol of my heart: I am transported; I want words to express my feelings.

WHILE I was sitting this morning, in a state of mind not to be described, full of hopes and full of fears, in consequence of the news which Alonzo brought me from the house of the Spanish merchant, an English gentleman earnestly desired to be admitted to me.

ON being admitted he made many apologies for troubling me with a visit, as he was a stranger to me, but added, that he hoped to be readily forgiven for his intrusion, when he acquainted me with the occasion of his appearance.

IMPATIENT to know what business he had with me, I begged him, in a few words, to come to the point.—He then told me, that having accidentally heard there was a native of Mexico living in London, on his arrival from Marseilles—Thou art come from Marseilles? cried I, hastily.—He replied, that he had not been long arrived from Marseilles, and that hearing there was an Amexis living with Don Alonzo, he could not help waiting on me, to know if I was *the* Amexis who had been long separated from his Zulima.

AT the mention of Zulima's name I started from my chair, and running up
to

to the stranger, cried, "Is Zulima at Marseilles? I am her Amexis. Did she ever talk of her Amexis?"

His answer was thoroughly satisfactory.—Zulima lives, and lives only for me.—She is—but I am so greatly agitated that I cannot now relate all the conversation which passed between us.

I AM going this moment to write to Zulima at Marseilles.—How I long to fly to her!—The stranger, whose name is Sydenham, speaks of her in the highest terms.—What a fortunate event!—What a—I must write to Zulima.

From London.



LETTER CXLIV.

From the same to the same.

I HAVE written to Zulima.—I am more composed.—I have received

M 4

another

another visit from Sydenham.—His behaviour is the most friendly imaginable: He has offered to accompany me to Marseilles, if Zulima cannot be prevailed on to come to England.—If she is still *my* Zulima, she will hasten, with pleasure, to her Amexis: but Amexis should rather hasten to her, and he will hasten to her on the wings of love as soon as he can, consistently with the duty which he owes to his generous benefactor.

ALONZO, when I informed him of this unexpected event, most kindly assured me that he would quicken the preparations for his departure from England on my account.

I THANKED him, with the sincerest gratitude, for so considerate a reply, but told him, at the same time, that I should be glad to remain in England till I had received an answer from Zulima, which
would

would probably determine my motions.—With equal kindness he complied with *that* request.—“I will not quit England, Amexis, said he, till you have received an answer from Zulima. If, on the receipt of that answer you have reason to expect Zulima in England, you shall remain here with my full consent. You shall act without any restraint from me. Whether you chuse to go with me to Spain, thro’ France, or to stay here, I will be always your friend.”

CAN I behave in too grateful a manner to so kind, so generous a man?

From London.



LETTER CXLV.

ITZUCAN to AMEXIS at London.

WITH the sincerest joy I congratulate thee, dear Amexis,

M 5

on

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on the happy discovery of the long lost mistress of thy heart. I do not in the least wonder at the agitation into which it has thrown thee ; I rather wonder that thou art able to write so rationally about so intoxicating an event.

As thou hast written to Zulima, thou wilt naturally complain heavily of the tediousness of time, till thou receivest an answer from her ; and as I interest myself very much about *her* and about thee, I shall be in a restless state till thou sendest me an account of its arrival.

THE behaviour of Alonzo to thee does indeed deserve all thy gratitude : Ferdinand makes himself, every hour, entitled to all mine. How happy are we in being under the immediate protection of two such men !

XERIS intreats me to send her sincere congratulations, and to tell thee that she
wishes,

wishes, with an eagerness almost equal to thy own, to see Zulima again.—“With double pleasure, says she often, shall I return to my native country, if I am accompanied by thee, by Zulima, and by Amexis.—As often do I declare that I wish for nothing more in this world than to return to the country of my ancestors with her, with Zulima, and with thee. May thy answer from Marseilles give thee all the satisfaction thou canst desire.

From Paris.



LETTER CXLVI.

AMEXIS to ZULIMA at Marseilles.

THE great Gods be praised for the inexpressible happiness I, at this moment, enjoy, by having heard of my beloved Zulima.—The great Gods be

M 6

praised

praised for having preserved her since our cruel separation!

JUST when I despaired of hearing of thee again, the arrival of a person, to whom thou hast been, I find, under considerable obligations, though he mentioned his services to thee with the most becoming modesty, filled my dejected heart with joy—with joy unutterable—joy only to be felt.

SYDENHAM talks of thee as a fond lover naturally talks of the mistress of his affections, and laments thy indifference to him, while he extols thy fidelity to me. Thou hast, indeed, given an uncommon proof of thy attachment to me, in spite of thy uncertainty about my existence, by opposing the addresses of thy English lover, for he seems to be every way worthy of thy esteem.

THOU

THOU mayst easily conceive that my impatience to see thee again is hardly to be borne. I should, indeed, have endeavoured to convey myself to the spot on which Sydenham left thee when he came from France, had I not been apprehensive, at the same time, that my voyage might have possibly proved a fruitless one: for though Sydenham left thee at Marseilles, I could not be sure of finding thee there on my arrival, and I long, with too much ardour, to behold thy lovely form again, to run any risque of a disappointment by hurrying to a wrong place.

OUR old friend Itzucan is at Paris: Xeris too, the amiable wife of Zamor, of whom I shall have a great deal to say when we meet—(how I wish for our next meeting!)—is there also at present, but she wishes to return to her husband.—They will both, I am sure, be truly rejoiced

joiced to hear that I have received news concerning my Zulima.

I DIRECT this letter to thee, my dearest Zulima, at Marseillès, presuming upon thy being still there; and hoping that it will be forwarded to thee with expedition wherever thou art.—Consider my impatience, and write to me as soon as this letter comes to thy charming hands.

From London.



LETTER CXLVII.

ZULIMA to AMEXIS at London.

IT is impossible for me, my dearest Amexis, to tell thee what I feel when I received thy letter. I could hardly believe my eyes. I read it over and over a thousand times with increasing joy, and a thousand times pressed it to my lips, transported.

PRAISED

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PRAISED be the great Gods, for having preserved thy valuable life ; for having preserved thy fidelity to me !—How will the lingering hours creep away till I can tell thee in person how truly I am, how truly I ever *have* been, devoted to thee, and thee alone.

THOU hast given me a sufficient reason for writing to me, instead of sailing from England in search of me. An immediate voyage to Marseilles, on the receipt of thy intelligence concerning me, might have proved a fruitless one, as Sydenham, at his departure from France, could not possibly know how long I should remain in the place in which he left me.

THOU hast afforded me great satisfaction by telling me that Itzucan is at Paris, because his friendship for us both is to be depended upon. My favourite
female

female friend Zayde, who has been tossed about, as well as myself, in several parts of Europe, the sport of Fortune is now with me. She is married, and happily married, after all her adventures, to a Frenchman. Dumaine, her husband, has relations at Paris; to Paris, therefore, we are also to set out in a few days. If the great Gods are indulgent to the wishes of my heart, I shall soon be blest with the sight of my Amexis.

THOU has excited my curiosity by saying that Xeris is at Paris *with* Itzucan, and *without* Zamor. I long to hear what thou hast to communicate to me about her. Has she too had her adventures? I pray sincerely for our speedy and happy meeting at Paris.

LETTER CXLVIII.

DON ANTONIO DE SANCHEZ to XERIS
at Paris.

THE arrival of one of thy countrymen, amiable Xeris, a few hours ago at my house, naturally engaged my attention ; and as he came to make enquiries after *you*, he naturally procured himself a friendly reception. He wishes very much to see you, and I have undertaken to prevail on you to gratify his curiosity by returning to this place. He will not tell me his name, but I am sure, from what he has mentioned about you, that he is very well acquainted with your uncommon merit.

I TOLD you in my letter, in which I sent you dispatches from New Spain, that if you would return to me, and indulge me with your friendship, I should
be

be as happy as I *could* be without the possession of your invaluable heart. I will try to make myself contented with your friendship, but I feel that I can take no pleasure in this world without your delightful society.

If you will not return to Madrid entirely on *my* account, you will, at least, be prompted by curiosity to come and see who the Mexican is who so earnestly wishes to see you.

From Madrid.



LETTER CXLIX.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

I HAVE received an answer from Marseilles,—a most satisfactory one, tho' I should have been more satisfied, thou mayst be assured, if Zulima could have transported

transported herself, like one of the feathered inhabitants of the air, to my arms, instead of making me happy only with her pen. However, her letter gave me great pleasure, pleasure indeed too great to be expressed.

ZULIMA is not coming to England, but she is coming to be nearer to me than she is at present, and I shall be the more happy with the change in her situation, as she will be under the care and inspection of a man who has a sincere regard both to her and to me. She is coming to Paris, Itzucan, she is coming to thee.

ZAYDE, her female favourite friend, who has, it seems, been as much tossed about in several parts of Europe as herself, is with her at present. Zayde, having married a Frenchman who has relations at Paris, is probably, at this time,

on her journey to that famous city, with Zulima and her husband.

ALONZO, the good, the generous Alonzo, on my acquainting him with the answer which I had received from Marseilles, was so kind as to say that he would prepare immediately for his departure from London. If no cross accident happens, therefore, to defeat his intentions, I may perhaps arrive at Paris soon after my Zulima.—Whenever she arrives thou wilt, I know, do every thing in thy power to render her residence at Paris agreeable to her.

From London.



LETTER CL.

ZULIMA to ELVIRA at Lyons.

I AM going to leave Marseilles, my dear Elvira, but I cannot do myself the

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the pleasure of making thee a visit, tho' I am very sensible that thou wouldst give me the most hospitable reception. I am going to leave Marseilles, but not to leave France. I am going to Paris: When I tell thee what carries me to that *capital*, thou wilt not, I dare say, be offended with me for not waiting on thee.

A FEW days ago I received a letter from—Amexis.

AT the sight of this last word, so animating *to me*, thy friendly countenance is, I am sure, brightened with a smile. In the midst of thy domestic griefs thou canst, I know, partake of the joys of a friend.

AMEXIS is in England, Sydenham, my English lover, having accidentally heard of him, on his arrival at London, went, with a generosity of mind which does him great honour, and for which I
shall

shall ever remember him with gratitude, to inform his rival of my situation in France.

THE letter which I received from Amexis has made me the happiest of women. I have read it so often, that I can repeat every syllable of it; I am perpetually pressing it to my bosom, and to my lips, and it lies every night upon my pillow.—But I ought to ask pardon, Elvira, for dwelling so long upon my own happiness, when I have so much reason to believe that thou art still very wretched. I say *still*, for I cannot suppose that the discovery thou madest of thy husband's actual infidelity, has been attended with any alleviating consequences. Husbands, when they are detected by their wives in the commission of actions which *should* bring blushes into their cheeks, rarely endeavour, by a proper alteration in their behaviour to them,

them, to make them sufficient amends for their criminal inconstancy.

WITH regard to Beaumont's behaviour, I would not have it affect thee in such a manner as to induce thee to take no pains to recover his love. I wish thou hadst not surpris'd the guilty pair, tho' I must confess that the sight was mortifying enough to throw thee off thy guard.

THOU hast often heard me talk of Zayde, and always with pleasure: She is now with me, and as her husband, Dumaine, has business to transact with some relations of his at Paris, my journey thither will be, of course, doubly agreeable to me.

As I am to set out in a few days for Paris, a letter from thee in answer to this will not find me here. When I am a little settled after my journey, I shall, most probably,

probably, write to thee again. In the mean time let me advise thee, Elvira, to do all thou canst to suppress thy resentment against thy husband. Thou wilt not act with prudence, if thou dost not endeavour, by the most winning arts, to make him attached to thyself alone. It will always pain my heart to hear of thy sorrows : it will always give my heart delight to hear of thy happiness.

From Marseilles.



LETTER CLI.

ITZUCAN to AMEXIS at London.

I NEVER received a letter from thee, my dear Amexis, which gave me more pleasure than thy last relating to Zulima. The sight of her will rejoice me,

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me, doubly, on thy account, and on my own. I have long wished, though not, perhaps, with an impatience equal to thine, to see her. How grateful to the heart is the appearance of those for whom we have a sincere regard, after having been, for a considerable time, separated from them.

THOU hast given me an additional proof of Alonzo's goodness by acquainting me with his determination to hasten his departure from England for thy sake. His whole behaviour to thee since he first became thy master has made me love him. If every Spaniard was like him and Ferdinando ! Thou must not blame me, Amexis, for placing *my* protector on a footing with *thine* ; he is not inferior in goodness to Alonzo, and therefore ought to be equally beloved.

A little before thy letter was put in o my hands, a very extraordinary one came to Xeris from Don Antonio at Madrid,

to inform her of the arrival of one of our countrymen at his house, who wished exceedingly to see her. Antonio could not tell her the Mexican stranger's name, because he would not mention it to him; she was, therefore, in the most restless state imaginable, from the violence of her curiosity upon the unexpected occasion.

My generous benefactor, as soon as he was informed of the contents of Antonio's letter, and of the strong inclination which Xeris felt to know who the Mexican was, so desirous of seeing her, and so unwilling to tell his name, offered to conduct her himself to Madrid, having been ordered, by dispatches from the first minister, to leave Paris with all possible expedition, in consequence of some sudden alterations in the government, in which he was deeply concerned.

XERIS accepted of Don Fernando's offer with great pleasure, and left Paris yesterday

yesterday morning under his protection. I begged her very earnestly to write to me about the *Mexican* who, by his visit to Antonio, and by his behaviour, had excited *my* curiosity as well as hers; and she readily promised to send me a particular account of the mysterious affair.

I LONG to acquaint thee with Zulima's arrival: I shall seize my pen with transport to communicate intelligence to thee which will, I know, give thee the highest satisfaction: but I shall be more pleased to find the seizure of it unnecessary by the sight of thee. Think of the joy which Zulima will feel, if thou art here to receive her in thy affectionate arms; and believe me when I tell thee that such an interview will make my softened eyes overflow with tears of delight.

From Paris.

LETTER CLII.

From the same to the same.

ZULIMA is come. I open my letter with this intelligence, without apprehending any ill consequences from the abruptness of it, because thou hast, for some time, been prepared for *her* arrival at Paris. Zulima is come, with her friend and fellow-traveller Zayde, and makes a very lovely appearance. I feel my heart dance at the sight of her. She occupies the apartments which Don Ferdinando left: I am happy to be under the same roof with her. Zayde and her Dumaine are accommodated in a convenient house not far from us.

ZULIMA rejoices to find herself at Paris, but she frequently sighs not to find thee to administer consolation, after all the disquietudes she has endured in a state of separation from thee. I do all in my power, thou mayst be assured, to enliven the hours which are spent by her in wishing for *thy* arrival.

NOTHING,

Nothing, I hope, has happened to prevent thy departure from London. I begin to grow uneasy.—Impute my uneasiness to my impatience, if you please: I certainly never wished to see thee so much in my life.

THE impatience of Zulima may easily be conceived by her Amexis, and I cannot blame her for it. Thou shouldst be transported to hear that her eagerness to see thee deprives her entirely of rest, because her eagerness is a strong and infallible sign of her love.



LETTER CLIII.

AMEXIS to ITZUCAN at Paris.

ICANNOT thank you as I ought, my dear Itzucan, for the delightful information about Zulima. To the great gods I poured out the sincere acknowledgments of my heart as soon as I had feasted my fond eyes with it. But there is no pure joy in this world unmixed with

N 3 sorrow.

forrow.—The good Alonzo was brought home last night, without any marks of life, and he still remains in a state of insensibility.—The physicians who attend him say, that he may remain in such a state for several days, and yet recover. I am afraid to give credit to them. He looks the image of death, and he lies upon his bed like a corpse.—May the great gods restore him! These words I often repeat with tears.—I should sink under the load of my anxiety and melancholy, was I not relieved by the contents of thy last letter. The thoughts of the safe arrival of my Zulima at Paris, the thoughts of her being under thy care, give me great consolation in the midst of my grief on Alonzo's account.

I NEED not tell thee, I am sure, how much I wish to fold Zulima in my fond arms. Thou art too well acquainted with my ardent passion for her, to suppose that I can be happy with an event
which

which detains me here: thou art also too well acquainted with my affectionate and dutiful attachment to Alonzo to suppose that I can bring myself to leave him in his present most pitiable condition.

THE inclosed letter for Zulima will, I trust, convince her that nothing but my affectionate regard for the good Alonzo keeps me now here in England. When thou informest her how true a friend he has been to her Amexis, she will not—if I know her heart—wonder at or condemn my dutiful attendance on him.

From London.



LETTER CLIV.

AMEXIS TO ZULIMA.

(Inclosed in the foregoing.)

GREAT was the joy I felt, my dearest Zulima, to hear of thy safe arrival at Paris; but great was my grief

at the same time, for I at the same time felt that I could not fly to thee agreeably to the wishes of my soul, without being guilty of the blackest ingratitude to the best of benefactors.

WHILE Alonzo, stretched on his bed, looks like a corpse, and, tho' not dead, lies in a state of total insensibility, can Amexis who loves, honours, and reveres him, and who has received numberless favours from him never to be repaid, leave him to the care of unfeeling, mercenary slaves? Amexis cannot act in so base a manner; nor will Zulima, if her heart has not been changed by the vicissitudes in her life, desire him to prove himself, by his behaviour, a disgrace to his species. Amexis would not be entitled to the esteem of his Zulima, if he deserted Alonzo at so melancholy juncture.

If thou couldst behold the inmost recesses of my heart, at this moment, thou
wouldst

wouldst pity me.—Thou wilt certainly pardon me for not writing in a more chearful strain; and thou wilt not, I hope, think my love for thee lessened by the concern which I discover for Alonzo.—While *he* remains in his present condition, it will be my duty to stay with him.—The moment his recovery is pronounced complete, I shall intreat him to consent to my immediate departure from England.

A LETTER from thee, my dearest Zulima, will be a rich cordial to my drooping spirits.

From London.



LETTER CLV.

ZULIMA to AMEXIS at London.

COULD I think, my dear Amexis, that thy love for me was lessened by thy concern for Alonzo, I should look upon myself with detestation. The man who has been a friend to Amexis is
deserving

deserving of all the gratitude he can possibly feel.

THY letter, melancholy as it was, afforded me considerable satisfaction. Thy love for me, I am assured, remains unshaken, and thou mayst believe me when I declare that my affection for thee is as strong, as sincere as ever.—Will not this declaration meet with a welcome reception from my Amexis?

MY esteem for Itzucan increases every day. Be not alarmed; my esteem for him increases, because he gives me, every day, new proofs of his friendship for thee.—Poor Alonzo! I grieve for *him*; I pity Amexis,

From Paris.



LETTER CLVI.

AMEXIS to ZULIMA at Paris.

GRIEVE no more for Alonzo; banish thy compassion for Amexis.—

Alonzo

Alonzo is recovered; the sorrow of Amexis is converted into joy.

My good, my generous benefactor, began to shew some favourable symptoms soon after I dispatched my gloomy letter to thee. He grew less and less lethargic every hour, and on the next morning was able to sit up in his chair. From that morning his recovery was rapid, and he is now, thanks to the great Gods, as well, apparently, as he was before his lethargy seized him.

BEFORE his lethargy seized him, I had acquainted Alonzo with the animating discovery I had made concerning thee.

As soon as his senses returned, he, with the most complacent countenance, made enquiries about *thee*. Can I have too great a regard for such a man?

I WAS

I WAS standing by his side, administering a restorative medicine to him, when thy letter was delivered to me.

WHEN I had read it, he asked me if it came from thee.—I answered in the affirmative, adding that thou hadst resided for some time at Paris.

I AM glad, replied he, to hear that she is at Paris, and I hope that she is not out of order.—He spoke the few last words as if he expected to hear of thy being indisposed.

I THEN asked why he should imagine that thou wast out of order.—“Because you looked so dejected while you read her letter,” replied he.

INSTEAD of explaining the cause of my dejection while I read thy letter, I ventured, as he was so well recovered, to put it into his own hands. His answer, after the perusal of it, was highly
flattering

flattering to us both.—He has insisted upon my setting out for Dover, as soon as I can get every thing ready for my departure from London. He will not listen to any of my objections. In a few days, therefore, I hope I shall be able to tell thee, in person, how very dear thou art to me.

From London.

LETTER CLVII.

ITZUCAN to Amexis at London.

ZULIMA has given me great pleasure by informing me of Alonzo's recovery, and of thy preparations to leave London. Two more agreeable pieces of intelligence, the one occasioned by the other, I could not have received.

I TOLD thee in a former letter,* that Xeris had promised to send me a parti-

* See Letter CXLIX.

cular

cular account of the mysterious affair which induced her to take a journey to Madrid under Don Ferdinando's protection. She has kept her promise. I have a very extraordinary letter of hers now before me, containing news which will surprize thee.

ON her arrival at Antonio's house she found the *Mexican* to be—Zamor. As I expect to see thee soon here, I shall not send thee a copy of her letter; I shall only tell thee that I could not read it without tears. Zamor has sufficiently proved the sincerity of his repentance by coming from *New* to *Old Spain* to solicit the forgiveness of his injured wife; and Xeris has sufficiently proved the goodness of her heart by receiving him with open arms. They are now, I will venture to say, once more completely happy. However, though I am ready to believe that the second union between our long separated friends will be productive of durable felicity to them both, because

because they are very uncommon characters.

I MUST own, at the same time, that I sincerely wish their matrimonial happiness had never been interrupted. Reconciliations in the marriage state after violent breaches, are seldom lasting.

ZULIMA joins with me in wishing thee a safe, a pleasant, a speedy conveyance to us.

From Paris.



L E T T E R CLVIII.

AMEXIS to DON ALONZO at London.

IN obedience to thy commands, noble Alonzo, I take up my pen with pleasure, to acquaint thee with my arrival at Paris. I am ashamed to tell thee what extravagancies the joy which I felt at the sight of my dearest Zulima forced me to commit, though I have no reason to think that thou wouldst have a worse opinion of me for giving a loose to the fond effusions of my heart upon such an occasion.

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THE obligations which I am under to thee, generous Alonzo, will never be blotted from my memory. I must cease to live before I cease to be grateful.

WHEN I told Zulima that it was thy design, when I left thee, to follow me soon to Paris, if no relapse or a new disorder prevented thy departure, she offered up a fervent prayer to the great Gods for the continuance of thy health, and then added, with a vivacity which charmed me, "How I long to see the beneficent man who has distinguished Amexis with his friendship."

THAT thy intentions, exemplary Alonzo, to leave London in a short time, may not, by any accident of any kind, be defeated, is the sincere wish of the ever grateful Amexis, the humblest, the faithfullest of thy servants.

From Paris.



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